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## SCHILLER'S MARY STUART.

THE subject of Mary Stuart is scarcely a favorable one for dramatic composition. The wonderful events that crowded so thickly together in the life of that unfortunate princess — rendering her career, though unnaturally brief, one of the most remarkable in the records of history — are not precisely of that nature which is most susceptible of being wrought into a play, nor are the sufferings of the queen, and the fortitude and resignation displayed under them, such as the poets of the theatre could depict with most success. The ingratitude she experienced at the hands of unworthy friends, or disloyal servants — her unfortunate marriages — her long imprisonment, and cruel death — present fit subjects, it is true, for poetical embellishment, but not exactly for the dramatic muse, which demands something more startling, and, we may say, boisterous in action, than would comport with the facts recorded, or the character of the lovely and hapless sovereign. Some detached passages from her life may indeed be susceptible of a theatrical dress. The assassination of Rizzio, for example — exhibiting the petulant cruelty of Darnley, the blood-thirstiness of Morton, and the base born Douglas, the cold-blooded atrocity of Ruthven and their brutal accomplices, Ker of Fawdonside, de Balantyne, and the rest — with the unavailing anguish and just resentment of the outraged queen, would form a striking scene. So it might be with Darnley's murder — the festival, the dance — the boldness of the profligate Bothwell — the unsuspecting innocence and princely gayety of Mary, imprudent in the bestowal of her favor, yet guiltless of a thought of wrong — these might be successfully brought into contrast with the dark conspiracy — the broodings of guilty ambition, the deep deceit with which the traitor's snares are laid for the victims — the hopes and fears — the terrific catastrophe ! But here the chief places in the action are filled by others — not by the queen ; she is herself comparatively passive, while the deeds belong to her turbulent nobles. Alfieri has constructed a tragedy upon this portion of Mary's history, partly with the purpose, as he himself avows, of testing his success in an unpromising subject. It is not a little interesting to observe how the Queen of Scots and the fiery nobles of her court look in the 'Athenian garment' with which the classic genius of the Italian poet has invested them. He has handled the matter, perhaps, with more skill than could have been expected from the total want of harmony between the material and his peculiar genius ; but the absence of local coloring in his play, the severity of his style, and his rigid exclusion of external objects and second-

ary personages, serve to divest the picture of life. The author himself acknowledges his drama deficient in action, feeble, and cold; and we have no reason to differ from his opinion. One emotion, however, is excited in the perusal of the piece; it is that of wonder that aught so uninteresting could have been written of Mary, by a poet of undisputed ability. The prophetic frenzy of the second-sighted *La Morre*, which has met with favor in the author's eyes, we cannot regard as happy.

The queen's death is still more destitute of incident suited to dramatic purposes. A decapitation cannot be represented on the stage; and the monotonous display of preparation, the grief of her adherents — even the triumph of malice, and the resignation of the victim — are but scanty materials for the dramatist. The termination must necessarily be foreseen from the first; no interest, therefore, arising from curiosity can be excited. The scaffold frowns in full view, from the very opening scene; and we approach it as it were through an avenue of cypress. Hence the chief interest must depend on the delineation of character; and here it is that Schiller has shown himself so masterly. He has been compelled to distort history to furnish incidents for his drama; the love of Mary for Leicester, her communication with him through the impassioned Mortimer, the meeting of the two queens, and the interview that hastens Mary's death, are freely painted by the fancy of the writer. None but a poet would have conceived a task like this; none but a poet would have accomplished it as Schiller has done. It would be a bold enterprise indeed to attempt the fanciful embellishment of an image which the muse of history, seeming to have dipped her lavish pencil in the most luxuriant hues of fiction, has portrayed so freshly and so vividly. The image of Mary Stuart — to which even the pictures of the romancer, warm and glowing in the richest tints of poetry, have failed to add a single enchantment — familiar to every heart as some admired and beloved object known in actual life — familiar as the embodiment of all grace, and loveliness, and majesty, in the woman or the queen! The intense interest that has been felt, even through the lapse of so many centuries, in every circumstance of her life, has drawn forth the most minute and copious biographies and histories of the unfortunate princess, and left little to be done by those writers who avowedly depart from severe historical accuracy. The subject even forbade the indulgence in that poetical imagery, and those beautiful strains of reflection, with which Schiller has delighted to adorn many of his dramas; the incidents have an importance too grave and momentous to permit any diversion of the imagination, and there would have been risk of injuring the *vraisemblance* of the picture, by any departure from the simplicity of actual truth. With all these disadvantages, Schiller's work, in plan and execution, is truly noble and worthy of the subject; and to say that, is to award it all praise. Some trifling faults interfere with and lessen the grandeur of the whole; but the dignity of the last scenes more than effaces any unfavorable impressions. The poet has bestowed his greatest care on the character of the Scottish queen; and the result of his labor has well rewarded his skill and pains. Her first appearance on

the stage is highly effective. Paulet, her keeper, with rude force, has possessed himself of her private papers; and the vehement and bitter complaints of her nurse, Hannah Kennedy, are checked by the entrance of the illustrious captive, whose beautiful calmness puts the stern knight to shame for the indignity he had offered her. 'You have forcibly possessed yourself,' she says, 'of what I had with my own free will delivered up to you;' then, without reproaching him, she requests that the letter found in her casket, addressed to the Queen of England, may be delivered to her royal sister by his own hand, not sent by the faithless and cruel Burleigh. It contains Mary's petition for a personal interview with Elizabeth:

'They've summoned me  
Before a court of men, whom as mine equals  
I cannot recognise. Unto no heart  
'Mong them, can I appeal. Elizabeth  
Is of my stock — my blood — of my own rank;  
To her alone — the sister — queen — the woman —  
Can I unbosom me.'

PAULET.

'Too often, Lady,  
Have you your destiny, ay, and honor, trusted  
To men who were less worthy your esteem.'

MARY.

'For yet another favor I must sue,  
A prayer inhumanity alone  
Would ne'er deny. Full long, a prisoner,  
I've lacked the consolations of the church,  
The blessing of the sacrament! I deem  
They who have robbed me of my crown and freedom,  
Who threaten now my life — will not so close  
The gate of Heaven against me!'

When left alone with her nurse, with how much sweetness and humility does she reply to the murmurs of her aged servant against the brutal ferocity of their gaolers:

MARY.

'Ah! in the days of our prosperity  
We've lent the flatterer a too willing ear!  
Just is it now, good Kennedy, we list  
The accents of reproach!'

The review of her eventful life, her expressions of regret for past weaknesses and imprudences, and of deep remorse for the derelictions from the strict path of duty which conscience lays to her charge, form an affecting scene, before her mind is again disturbed by the delusive visions of hope, called up by the unexpected disclosures of Mortimer. The conspiracy of this youth and his friends to effect the queen's deliverance, contributes to give action to the piece; though we cannot but regard the display of the ungovernable fury of his wild passion as offensive to good taste. The exhibition of his violence in the park is the more to be regarded as a defect, since it is quite unnecessary, and only injures the effect of the previous scenes. Mary's interview with Burleigh, the lord treasurer of England, her relentless enemy, develops her character still more admirably. With a dignity and spirit that baffles and disconcerts her persecutor,

she vindicates her own rights, and exposes the mean subterfuges of her foes; the severity of her keen sarcasm visits for a moment the characters of those selected to be her judges — but not condescending to dwell on them individually, she assumes the broad ground of the improbability that impartial justice should be received at their hands by one of a strange faith and country, citing the proverb so long current among both nations, that pronounced doubtful at any time the evidence of a Scot against a native of England, or a Southron against a Scot. This national hostility, she adds, will never be at an end, till the whole island is united under one sceptre and one parliament.

BURLEIGH.

—— ‘This blessing shall a Stuart  
Bring to the Kingdoms.’

MARY.

‘Why should I deny it!

Ay, I confess — that I the hope have nourished  
Two noble nations to unite in joy  
Beneath the shadow of the tree of peace.  
Alas! I deemed not that myself would be  
The offering of their hate! Their jealousy,  
The fretful soreness of the olden discord,  
I hoped in that full sunshine to efface;  
And as mine ancestor the rival roses,  
After long strife, did twine in amity,  
To bind in one the crowns of sister kingdoms.’

When Burleigh announces the decision of her judges, and the sentence under which she is to suffer, her exposition of its injustice is so clear and unanswerable, that the stern courtier is forced to shun the argument, and change the subject of discourse. Beside his portrait of Mary, Schiller has delineated the other personages of his drama with a pencil not less happy — the haughty and selfish Elizabeth, the noble and honorable Talbot, the savage Burleigh, the feeble and dissimulating Leicester, and the stern but upright Paulet, are all painted in striking and discriminating colors. The somewhat lengthened dialogue between Paulet and Burleigh, where the latter vainly attempts to instigate the knight to the secret murder of his prisoner, is characteristic. The lord treasurer dwells on the apparent necessity of Elizabeth's pardoning her rival:

BURLEIGH.

—— ‘O, also holy justice

Escapes not blame. The popular judgment sides  
With the unhappy, ever; and pale envy  
Doth follow in victorious fortune's wake.  
The sword of law, wherewith man girds himself,  
Is odious in a female hand. The world  
Confirmeth not a woman's righteous sentence,  
When woman is the victim. 'Tis in vain  
That we, her judges, with free conscience speak;  
The queen hath still the royal right to pardon,  
And she *must* use it; 't were insufferable  
She should the law's relentless course allow!

PAULET.

‘Therefore ——’

BURLEIGH.

‘And therefore — she must live? No — no —  
She must not live! No! — This it is — even this,

Disturbs our queen — this is it banishes  
 Sleep from her couch! I read her bosom's strife  
 In the queen's eyes: her lips speak not her wish —  
 Yet meaningly the silent glance doth ask:  
 'Is there among my servants none, will spare me  
 The hateful choice — to tremble on my throne  
 In daily fear — or to abide the shame,  
 And bring a crown'd head, of mine own blood,  
 Unto the block?'

PAULET.

'That is necessity  
 Which may not now be shunned.'

BURLEIGH.

'It may be shunned —  
 The queen would say — had she but heedful servants.'

PAULET.

'Heedful, say you?'

BURLEIGH.

'Who knew but to interpret  
 A mute command.'

PAULET.

'A mute command?'

BURLEIGH.

'And who,  
 Were some envenomed dangerous serpent given  
 Into their charge, the intrusted enemy  
 Would not as some dear holy jewel guard.'

PAULET.

'A noble jewel is unsullied fame,  
 The blameless reputation of a queen;  
 This — this — my lord, cannot too well be guarded!'

*Act II. Scene 8.*

The political sagacity of Elizabeth, as well as her haughty self-will, is exhibited in her interview with the ambassadors of France, where she dismisses them without deciding on the suit of their monarch, and cuts short their faint attempts at intercession in behalf of Mary; and her violent and imperious temper breaks out in the privy council with her lords, on the subject of her hated rival. Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, scruples not openly to counsel a magnanimous conduct toward the prisoner, while Burleigh urges her immediate execution, and Leicester, whom the poet represents as a lover of the Scottish queen, recommends moderate measures, on the ground that Elizabeth has nothing to fear from one fallen so low, whom he ventures to stigmatize as the

'Homicide and husband-killer.'

But only a faint and most inadequate idea of the power of these scenes could possibly be conveyed by the closest analysis of the dialogue; and we are sure none who can read the original, would thank us for a meagre outline. Their beauty lies in the dignity and completeness of their execution; the characters wear the truth of history; and if characters of this nature fulfil expectation, they merit eminent praise. Expectation in this case exacts much. The cowardice and irresolution of the Earl of Leicester, on the receipt of Mary's

picture and letter, conveyed to him by Mortimer, excites indignation, and his duplicity to Elizabeth contempt; but no false gloss is thrown over his character. He prevails on his mistress to afford the prisoner an interview, by suffering an apparently accidental meeting to take place, while Elizabeth is hunting in the park of Fotheringay. To effect this purpose, Mary is on that morning allowed to leave her dungeon for a walk in the open air. The third act opens with this scene: Mary, exhilarated by the intoxicating sense of new freedom, the cool breath of morning, the view of the limitless landscape, and the distant music of the bugle horns, comes bounding forward, and in her almost delirious enjoyment seems to forget that she is still in thralldom. Her wild delight is poured forth in lyrical measures adapted to her varying emotions; and the scene is so beautiful, that we shall yield to the temptation of presenting it to our readers, though merely in a literal and prosaic translation. Some other reader of the German may be fortunate enough to execute a version which shall unite the spirit of the original to its sweetness and variety of measure.

*Enter MARY, from the shade of the trees; KENNEDY following slowly.*

KENNEDY.

'You hurry on as you had wings indeed;  
I cannot follow you.'

MARY.

'Let me enjoy my new freedom; let me be a child again! and be thou so with me! Let me traverse the green carpet of this lawn with light and wingéd steps! Have I ascended from the darksome dungeon? Doth the doleful pit indeed no longer hold me? Let me unchecked, with thirsty lips, drink in the free heavenly air!'

KENNEDY.

'O my dear lady! but a little wider  
Your prison! You behold not here the walls  
That shut us in, because the trees' thick foliage  
Doth hide them.'

MARY.

'O bless, bless the friendly green foliage, that hides from me my dungeon walls! I will dream myself free and happy: wherefore disturb the sweet vision? Doth not heaven's wide vault surround me? My glance, free and fetterless, roves through illimitable space. Yonder, where the gray misty mountains rise, stretch the borders of my dominions; and these clouds, floating through the noonday sky, seek the distant seas of France. Speeding clouds! mariners of the breeze—who wanders—who sails with you? Bear my greeting to the land of my youth! I am a prisoner—in chains—ah! I have no other messengers! Free is your path through the air—you owe the queen no homage!'

KENNEDY.

'Alas, dear Lady! you're beside yourself;  
Your long sad durance hath bewildered you!'

MARY.

'Yonder lies a fisherman in his boat; that wretched instrument could save me, could bear me swiftly to friendly shores. Heedfully doth the needy man cherish it. I would load him richly with treasure—a draught should he make such as he never made: fortune should he find in his nets, should he take me hence in that rescuing vessel.'

KENNEDY.

'Vain wish! lo! yonder in the distance, following  
Our steps, the spy!—a cruel prohibition  
Scares all that can feel pity, from our sight.'

MARY.

'No, my good Hannah; trust me, not in vain  
 My dungeon door is opened. This slight favor  
 To me proclaimeth a far greater fortune.  
 I am right. 'Tis the active hand of love  
 I thank for this. Lord Leicester's powerful influence  
 I recognise therein. Thus by degrees  
 They will enlarge my prison, and inure me  
 From small to great — till I that face behold  
 Which shall unbind my chains — forever!'

KENNEDY.

'Ah!

I cannot reconcile this contradiction;  
 But yesterday announce your death to you —  
 To-day this sudden grace! Your chains shall fall —  
 You shall depart — but to eternal freedom!

MARY.

'Hear'st thou the hunting horn? Hark to its peal! The mighty call through field and wood! Ah! to vault upon the eager steed, and join the cheerful greenwood chase! Yet more, O familiar voice, full of sad, sweet remembrances! How oft have I heard it with joy, in the breezy Highlands — when the clamorous horns summoned to the chase!'

The poor queen is ill prepared at such a moment to encounter the presence of her 'good sister,' who comes to exult in her calamities; but encouraged by the counsel of Talbot, she collects herself for the approaching emergency. As many of our readers will probably feel curious to see how the poet has managed such an interview, we shall be excused for translating a part of it:

ELIZABETH (*to Leicester.*)

'What is the place called?'

LEICESTER.

'Fotheringay castle.'

ELIZABETH (*to Shrewsbury.*)

'Send all our followers before, to London.  
 The people crowd the streets too eagerly;  
 We seek diversion in this quiet park.'

(*Talbot dismisses her train; she fixes her eyes on Mary, while she continues speaking to Paulet.*)

'Too dear our people hold us: passing reason,  
 Idolatrous, the tokens of their joy.  
 A god is honored thus — and not a mortal!'

MARY (*who during this time has been leaning half insensible upon her nurse, lifts up her head, and her eyes meet the full gaze of Elizabeth. She shudders, and throws herself again on Kennedy's bosom.*)

'O God! out of those features speaks no heart!'

ELIZABETH.

'Who is the Lady?'

(*universal silence.*)

LEICESTER.

'You are at Fotheringay, gracious queen.'

ELIZABETH (*looks surprised and astonished, then darts a stern look at the Earl.*)

'Who has done this to me? — Lord Leicester?'

LEICESTER.

'My sovereign — it hath chanced — and now, since heaven  
 Your steps has hither led, let generosity  
 And soft compassion conquer!'



TALBOT.

'Let me pray you,  
O royal mistress, look on the Unhappy  
Who passes now before you.'

(*Mary recollects herself, and offers to approach Elizabeth, but stands half way, shuddering and motionless; her features express the strong conflict of her feelings.*)

ELIZABETH.

'How, my lords!  
Who was it told me of one bowed so low!  
A pride I find, by suffering no ways softened!'

MARY.

'So be it! to this also will I stoop:  
Away thou powerless pride of the free soul!  
I will forget even who I am, and what  
I've borne; I will before her cast me down,  
*Her, who hath brought me into this reproach.*  
(*she turns to the queen.*)

Heaven hath decided for you, sister! Crowned  
With happiness and victory is your head.  
The GODHEAD I adore, that lifts you up! (kneels.)  
Be you now also noble minded, sister —  
Let me not kneel unworthily! Stretch forth  
Your hand — extend to me the right of princes,  
And raise me from abasement!'

ELIZABETH (*stepping back.*)

'Lady Mary!  
*That is your place; and grateful I adore*  
The grace of God that would not suffer me  
To lie at your feet as you now lie at mine.'

MARY (*with rising emotion.*)

'Think upon human life's vicissitudes!  
That there are gods who haughtiness chastise!  
O honor, reverence them, the Terrible,  
Who thus have bowed me to your feet!  
\* \* O honor  
In me yourself! profane not nor disgrace  
The blood of Tudor, — which in my veins flows,  
As in your own. O God in heaven!  
Stand not so stern and so immoveable,  
Like the proud rock, which some poor shipwrecked wretch,  
In his extremity, vainly strives to grasp!  
Mine all doth hang — my life — my destiny  
Upon my words — upon the force of tears!  
My heart unburden that I yours may reach!  
If still that freezing glance you bend upon me,  
Shuddering, the channels of my heart are closed,  
My tears are checked — an icy horror locks  
The word of supplication in my breast!'

ELIZABETH (*coldly.*)

'What would you, Lady Stuart, say to me?  
You wished to speak with me. I have forgot.  
The queen, the deeply injured, to fulfil  
A sister's gentle duty — granted you  
The craved boon of my presence. I obey  
A generous impulse, tempting a just blame  
For that I stoop so far — for well you know  
That you have willed my murder — would reward it!'

In allusion to the injuries she has sustained at the hands of the English queen, Mary studies to avoid reproach or bitterness. She has hoped every thing from this interview — and will not, by giving way to the impulses of resentment, throw away her chance of success. Hence her language is mild and conciliating.



## MARY.

'I've met unworthy treatment at your hands;  
 For I too am a crowned queen — but you  
 Have held me in a base captivity;  
 I came to you a suppliant, and you  
 The holy law of hospitality,  
 The sacred law of nations, violating,  
 Shut me in dungeon walls — my friends and servants  
 Torn from me, and myself condemned to want —  
 Before illegal judges dragged for doom:  
 No more of that! Oblivion eternal  
 Cover the woes endured! Lo! I will call them  
 Inevitable fate! You are not guilty —  
 I am not guilty: some bad spirit rose  
 From the abyss, hate in our breasts to kindle,  
 That disunited us in years of youth;  
 It grew with us, and ill-designing men  
 Fanned the unhappy flame, and insane zeal  
 Officious hands armed with the sword and dagger.  
 It is the wayward destiny of kings,  
 That they, divided, rend the world in hate,  
 Let loose the furies of fire-eyed discord!  
 Now is no stranger's tongue to plead betwixt us;  
 We stand before each other. Sister, speak!  
 Name me my fault; you shall have full redress:  
 Ah! that you then had granted me a hearing,  
 When I so earnestly besought it of you!  
 It had not gone so far; nor in this place  
 Of sorrow had this hapless meeting chanced.'

## ELIZABETH.

'My lucky star preserved me from such fate,  
 The viper on my breast to lay. Not fate,  
 Your heart, accuse; your house's wild ambition.  
 There was nought hostile yet had chanced between us,  
 When your proud uncle, that imperious priest,  
 Who stretched his bold hand to profane all crowns,  
 Taught you my arms to assume, my royal title  
 To take upon yourself — for life and death  
 To battle it with me? Whom called he not  
 Against me? The priest's tongue, the people's sword,  
 Infatuate zeal's fierce weapons! Even here,  
 Here, in my kingdom's peaceful heart, he strove  
 To fling the scathing fire-brand of revolt!  
 Yet God is with me, and the haughty priest  
 Discomfited. My kingly head was threatened —  
 'T is yours that falls!'

## MARY.

'I am in the hands of God.  
 You will not vindicate in blood your power —'

## ELIZABETH.

'What hinders me? Your uncle the example  
 Gave to all kings on earth — now with his foes  
 Peace is concluded. St. Bartholomew —  
 Be that my school! What's consanguinity  
 To me — or law of nations? Duty's bonds  
 The Holy Church divides; the breach of faith  
 She sanctifies — the shedding royal blood!  
 I practise but the lessons of your monks.  
 Tell me, what pledge or warranty have I,  
 Should I with generous pardon loose your chains?  
 What lock shall keep your faith to me secure,  
 That soon St. Peter's keys will not undo?  
 The hand of power 's the sole security;  
 There is no covenant with a brood of serpents.'

The quarrel that ensues is not so well; yet there is infinite dignity  
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in the anger of Mary, when driven by the cruel insults of her rival to reply with taunt for taunt. The introduction of this scene was probably suggested to Schiller by the letter which it is known the Scottish queen wrote to Elizabeth, full of the most biting sarcasm, and which unquestionably hastened her doom. The revenge thus taken by the captive, she is here allowed to take in person, and to witness her triumph; Elizabeth, pale and speechless with rage, is led off by her lords.

The discovery of Leicester's correspondence with Mary, compels him to the basest falsehoods to vindicate himself in the eyes of his jealous mistress; and he consents to give the demanded proof of his sincerity, by witnessing and superintending the execution of the victim. Mortimer is arrested, and puts an end to his own life, professing his belief in the Romish church, and his devotion to the imprisoned queen. The pretended reluctance of Elizabeth to consent to the execution and sign the death-warrant brought her by the secretary, Davidson, and the stern determination she veils under a show of humane scruples, are admirably painted; the picture of the pitiable state of mind into which uncertainty, fear, jealousy, and hatred, have thrown the English queen, is truly impressive, and convinces the reader at once of the impossibility of her pardoning a rival so near her own throne. The attempt upon her life that is described, and the impatience of the people to be assured of their sovereign's safety, and the punishment of the criminals, is taken advantage of by her nobles, to excuse the eagerness with which they press on her an immediate decision; but it is not needed to confirm her own resolution. She cannot disguise from herself that her title to the English throne is regarded by many as inferior in justice to Mary's. She would in vain hide the stain cast on her birth by her own father.

## ELIZABETH.

—— 'Opposing hate  
Hath stripped it bare, and places in my sight  
This Stuart — an eternal threatening spectre.  
No, no! this fear shall end!  
Her head shall fall! I will at length have peace!  
She is the restless fury of my life,  
A torturing spirit, sent by fate to haunt me!  
Where'er a budding joy doth spring — where'er  
I have reared hope — there lurks the venom'd serpent,  
Forever in my path. 'T was she that robbed me  
Of the beloved — the bridegroom! MARY STUART  
Is each misfortune named, that smites me down!  
Let but *her* name be blotted from the living,  
And I am free — free as the mountain air!

Act IV., Scene 10.

Her scene with the secretary is curiously characteristic. She leaves the fatal warrant in his hands, without directly commanding him to deliver it to the lords, and Burleigh, entering immediately after, snatches it eagerly. A painful but a more elevating scene is displayed in the fifth act, in the apartments of the doomed queen, on the morning of her execution. From the shufflings of policy, and the machinations of malice, we turn to this exhibition of a resigned and forgiving spirit. How deeply do the gentleness and calmness of Mary sink into the heart! There is truly a poetical elevation in her language. The scene is in her ante-chamber; Han-

nah Kennedy, clad in deep mourning, and exhibiting every sign of the keenest grief, is busied in sealing packets and letters. Paulet and Drury, likewise in mourning, enter, and are followed by servants bearing gold and silver vessels, mirrors, pictures, and other valuables, which are ranged in the back-ground. Melvil also joins the group, and the queen's ladies, and lastly, the queen herself. She is magnificently arrayed in her robes of state; from a small chain round her neck is suspended an *Agnus Dei*; a crucifix is in her hand, and she has a crown upon her head. Her long veil is thrown back. At her entrance, all those present range themselves on either side, suppressing the signs of deep sorrow. Melvil has sunk upon his knee.

MARY (*looking around the circle with quiet dignity.*)

'What grieves you? Wherefore weep? Ye should rejoice,  
Ye all, with me, that now the end approaches  
Of all my woes; the captive's fetters fall,  
My dungeon opens, and the glad soul, mounting  
On angel wings, soars to eternal freedom.  
Then, when a victim to my haughty rival,  
I bore indignities, it ill beseemed  
A free-born queen to bear — then was the time  
To mourn for me! A power beneficent,  
With healing and salvation, Death, draws nigh,  
A friend in earnest! With his gloomy wings  
He covers my reproach! The last great doom  
Ennobles man — the sunken soul doth raise:  
Once more I feel the crown upon my head;  
A noble pride fills my expanding heart!

(*advancing.*)

Ha! Melvil here! Not so, most noble Sir!  
Stand up! You come unto your sovereign's triumph  
Not to her death. Fortune is kind to me;  
Kind beyond hope; for that my fame lies not,  
After my death, all in mine enemy's hands!  
I have one friend, confessing mine own faith,  
A solemn witness in the hour of death.  
Say, noble knight, how hath it fared with you,  
In this inhospitable land, since you  
Were severed from my side? The thought of you  
Hath often troubled me.'

MELVIL.

'No want oppressed me,  
Save grief for you, and mine own powerlessness  
To serve you.'

MARY.

'How with Didier hath it fared,  
Mine ancient chamberlain? That loyal servant  
Must long ere this have sunk to his last sleep,  
For he was well in years.'

MELVIL.

'God hath denied him  
This grace, my queen; he lives, your youth to bury!'

MARY.

'Oh, had it been my lot, ere death, to lean  
On some beloved and kindred breast! I die  
'Mong strangers — by no tears bewailed, save yours!  
Melvil, my last dear wishes for my friends  
I leave in your true breast. I leave my blessing  
With the most Christian king, my brother-in-law,  
And all the royal house of France; mine uncle,

The Cardinal, Henry Guise, my noble cousin ;  
 And with the Church's Father, Christ's vicegerent,  
 Who blesseth me again : the Catholic king,  
 Who would have been my saviour and avenger,  
 All are remembered in my testament ;  
 My gifts of love, however poor they be,  
 Will not in their regard be lightly held.

*(turning to her attendants.)*

I have commended all of you, kind friends,  
 Unto my royal brother of France : his care  
 Will give you a new country. As ye hold  
 Sacred my last request, stay not in England.  
 Let not the haughty malice of our foes  
 Feed on your ills ; look not upon *my* dust !  
 Swear by this image of the crucified,  
 When I am dead, to leave this luckless land !

MELVIL.

' I swear it in the name of all !'

MARY.

' What I,  
 Poor and despoiled, yet own whate'er is left me  
 Free to bestow, I've shared among you all :  
 They will respect, I trust, my latest will.  
 What I wear, too, upon the way to death,  
 Belongs to you. Let me this once cast back  
 An earthward glance upon my path to heaven !' [To her Ladies.]  
 To you, my Alice, Gertrude, Rosamond,  
 I give my pearls, my robes ; your youth delights  
 In such. Thou, Margaretta, nearest claim  
 Hast on my liberality — left behind  
 The unhappiest of all. That I revenge not  
 Thy husband's guilt on thee, my will shall show.  
 Thee, my true Hannah, gold nor gems allure ;  
 Thy dearest jewel is my memory.  
 Receive this cloth ; with mine own hand 't was wrought,  
 Embroidered for you in my heavy hours,  
 And many a bitter tear is woven therein.  
 With this, my Hannah, shalt thou bind mine eyes  
 When I shall need. This last and solemn service  
 It is my wish that thou dost render me.'

KENNEDY.

' O Melvil ! I can bear no more !'

MARY.

' Come, all !  
 Come, and receive my last adieu !'

*[She holds out her hand ; one after another they kneel and kiss it, with loud weeping.]*

' My Margaretta — Alice — fare you well !  
 Thanks, Burgoyne, for your faithful service. Gertrude,  
 Thy lips are feverish — I have been much hated,  
 But O, much loved ! A noble consort bless  
 My Gertrude ; love that burning heart demands :  
 Bertha, thou hast well chosen the better part,  
 The spotless bride of Heaven ! Haste to fulfil  
 Thy pious vow. Deceitful are earth's pleasures ;  
 Learn that from me, thy sovereign. No more !  
 Farewell — farewell — eternally farewell !'

*Act V., Scene 6.*

Her confession to Melvil, who comes as a priest to administer the last consolations of religion, is detailed at length ; and this scene, though a singular one, is not without its effect. It completes and

softens the picture. Burleigh and the other lords then appear, to conduct her to execution. Leicester remains in the back-ground, without daring to look upon her. The queen gives her last requests to Burleigh with dignity.

MARY.

'Since my body  
Is not in consecrated earth to rest,  
Let leave be granted to my faithful servants  
To bear my heart to France, among mine own.  
Ah! it was ever there!'

BURLEIGH.

'It shall be done;  
And aught yet farther ——'

MARY.

'To the queen of England,  
I send a sister's greeting. Say to her  
With all my heart I pardon her my death;  
And pray her pardon for my violence  
Of yesterday: God keep her —  
Send her a happy reign?'

\* \* \* \*

[*Her women crowd round her, with lamentations; she addresses Melvil.*]

'You, worthy Sir,  
And my good Hannah, will accompany me  
On this last journey. Sirs, deny me not  
This grace.'

BURLEIGH.

'I have no power to grant it.'

MARY.

'How!  
This small petition can you then deny?  
Bethink you of my rank! Who is to render  
Me the last services? It cannot be  
My sister wills my race in me should suffer  
Indignity! Men's rough hands to unrobe me?'

BURLEIGH.

'No woman must ascend the scaffold's steps  
With you; their cries and lamentations ——'

MARY.

'They'll not be heard! Myself will be the surety  
For mine own Hannah's steadfast soul. Be kind,  
My lord. O separate me not, in dying,  
From my true nurse and hand-maiden; she bore  
Me living, in her arms — and she will lead me  
With gentle hand to death.'

Her words prevail, and as she turns to depart, Mary encounters the glance of the Earl of Leicester; at this sight she trembles, and seems about to fall, which the Earl perceiving, he supports her with his arm. She fixes a steadfast look upon him, which he shrinks from, in guilty consciousness.

MARY.

'You keep your word, my lord of Leicester!  
You said your arm should bring me from this dungeon,  
And now you lend it me!'

She bids him, however, a dignified farewell; forgiving his selfishness and duplicity to her, and wishing him the reward for which he has sacrificed her. The conscience-stricken Leicester sees her depart to death, and hears, soon afterward, the announcement that all is over.

From the author's too careful anxiety to deal poetical justice on Elizabeth, the impression left on the reader, at the close of the foregoing scenes, is considerably weakened before the end of the tragedy. The agitation of the English queen, her pretended surprise and displeasure at finding her warrant had been executed, her attempts to make Burleigh and the secretary the scape-goats of the iniquity whose stain she fears will rest on herself—the resignation of his office by the disgusted Shrewsbury—the intelligence of Leicester's sudden departure for France—and the deep chagrin manifest through the forced calmness of Elizabeth—while they satisfy the demands of dramatic justice, tend to dismiss the reader with feelings approaching to indifference. Had the play ended with the execution of Mary, the picture might have been less complete, but much would have been gained by leaving undisturbed those feelings of admiration, pity, and indignation, which the poet had succeeded in awakening. It is all important to the *effect* of a tragedy, that the strongest emotions excited should remain in their first strength and vividness. E. F. E.

#### L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND GOING TO EUROPE.

SPRING's voice is on the breeze!  
She calleth home her wild birds o'er the main,  
And loud they carrol back to her again—  
Swift winging o'er the seas!

Her breath hath waked the flowers!  
She whisp'reth forth the young leaves from their rest;  
She woos the soft grass from earth's parent breast,  
With her bright sun and showers.

She hath unlocked the chain!  
The streams come dashing downward from the hills;  
An echo soundeth from a thousand rills  
To the rejoicing main!

And hath she wiled thee forth,  
Now, in the joyous childhood of the year,  
To tell to other climes her beauties here,  
Of sky, and fount, and earth?

Thou goest with the wind—  
With white-wing'd ships o'er ocean's foaming crest—  
Thou leav'st for far-off lands the eagle's nest,  
With mourning ones behind.

Kind wishes waft thee on!  
There is an outspread wing above the tide—  
A 'strong right hand,' that will thee safely guide  
Upon the way thou'rt gone.

1092.

## THE FATE OF PERCY.

A CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THAT GENTLEMAN'S STORY: FROM THE 'FIDGET PAPERS.'

RETURN we now to the gallant Percy, whom we left in the hands of Justice — that blind old lady, with her usual acumen, having seized upon the descendant of a hundred earls. He was soon liberated, for it was speedily discovered that he was not the author of the 'Genius of Washington,' on whom the writ should have been served. Notwithstanding his prompt enfranchisement, the slayer of men regarded the transaction in the light of a premeditated outrage, and was induced by it to vent his spleen in a published article against the Judiciary of the United States, which gained him great applause with at least one political party. In the mean time, his funds ran very low, and he hardly dared to look his situation in the face. His duns, those constant followers of those who follow the fashion — the only acquaintances who never forsake a man in a reverse of fortune — were assiduous in calling on the Percy. At length, the aspect of affairs became so alarming, that the unfortunate officer resolved on doing something desperate. He could not blow his brains out in the Tremont House, because it would alarm the ladies; but, one evening, having carefully loaded his pistols, and seen that the detonating caps were fresh, he buttoned his surtout to his throat, drew his riding-cap doggedly over his eyes, and descending the steps of the Tremont, mounted his horse, which had been brought at ten o'clock, according to appointment.

Behold him now, brooding over his pecuniary difficulties, as his sure-footed steed paces gently down the noiseless declivity of Beacon-street. The captain urged the animal to a gallop, so soon as he entered on the mill-dam, and casting a look upward at the sky, in which the wan, watery moon seemed wading slowly through the banks of clouds, he mentally ejaculated: 'Tis a fit night for my fell purpose!' Alas! poor Percy!

The mills are reached, and the sign-board of McGills, creaking in the evening wind, does not allure our desperate traveller to stop. Arrived at that spot where the dam puts forth a branch to the left, he paused for a moment, in grave deliberation, doubting whether to strike into the road to Brookline, or follow that which led to Brighton. He determined on the latter course, and struck his spurs into the sides of his gallant steed. Two or three minutes' sharp riding brought him to the brow of a hill, upon the Brighton road, about three miles from Boston. Here he somewhat restrained the rapidity of his steed, and again cast an uneasy look at the moon, which peered curiously forth from an open space of clear blue, darting her beams upon the autumnal scenery beneath. The rising wind, lifting the heavy boughs of the trees, sighed through the brown foliage with a melancholy and foreboding sound. The oppression of Percy's mind was almost insupportable; and seeking to dispel it by rapid motion, he again roused the mettle of his horse, and smiled as the animal dashed forward in a rapid gallop. Two more miles are past, and the spires of Brighton glimmer in the cold moonbeam. But



now the horseman strikes into a shadowy by-lane, perhaps suffering his charger to choose the path, for a horse's hoofs have been heard *glinting* on the stones, and Percy's animal has pricked up its ears, and answered with a joyous neigh.

On! on! A stream of moonlight pouring through an opening in the fringe of wood that skirted the road, displayed a short, thick-set man, mounted on a sorry nag, and trotting leisurely along. Percy firmly grasped his bridle-rein, drew forth a pistol, cocked it, and whispering a word of encouragement in the ear of his horse, dashed after the stranger. At the instant of overtaking him, the unknown wheeled his horse about, and presenting a pistol, exclaimed, simultaneously with Percy: 'Halt! or you're a dead man!'

'Your purse!' cried Percy. Yes, reader! well may'st thou stare, and peradventure raise thy hands in romantic or in pious horror. The gallant Captain Percy — he of the guards, the observed of all observers — was a robber! 'Your purse!' he reiterated, more peremptorily and impatiently.

'Vell now,' said the stranger, dropping the muzzle of his pistol, and working himself uneasily in his saddle, 'Vell, now, I'm blowed if I think this 'ere's the caper. To think of two gemmen robbin' von another!'

'Damnation!' cried Percy; 'after screwing my resolution up to the sticking-point, to be thus baffled at the outset!'

'Vy!' exclaimed the stranger, with an air of comic surprise, 'I'm blowed if it is n't — yes — as sure as the devil's in Lunnon, it is — my old pal, Captain Glen! Your hand, old pal!'

'Really, I have n't the pleasure of recollecting you,' replied the captain, calmly, 'and yet you seem to know my name.'

'Vat!' cried the other, 'you have n't forgotten light-fingered Jack — Jack Diver — the greatest *cly-faker* in London or out of it!'

'Jack! your hand, my cove! Why, upon my soul I did n't expect to find *you* here! I thought you were *scragged*.'

'Oh, captain, captain! don't mention it! — it has such an effect on my nervous sensibilities. True enough, I *vas* brought to the scraggin'-post, and they said 'ow I died game. Bless your soul, captain, I recollects wery vell the ride in the cart, though I'd been lushing pretty heavy, to keep my spirits up. But they say I made a confession, which I never did — for though they stuck a Bible in my fist, I recollect perfectly, I said, 'I'm hinnocent! I'm hinnocent!'

'And so went out of the world, Jack, with a lie sticking in your throat?'

'Vell, captain, you may laugh, but I think it was that same lie sticking in my throat vat-kept the rope from choking me: for ven I *vas* took down, and the bloody coves at Surgeon's Hall began for to cut into me, I came to life, just in time to be too late, I *vas* afeard, ven I saw so many of 'em all about me. But I sprung up, and caughted the biggest doctor's knife, and flung it out of the vinder; and I guv von of the little doctor's a rap on the nob, and I hits another a vipe in the chops, and showed that if I *vas* to die, I'd die game. Vell, captain, the hupshot of it *vas*, they promised not to blow me, and they got up a superscription, and guv me eight guineas and my liberty. So

'the world was all before me were to choose,' as the poet says, and I crossed the herring-pond.'

'Alone?'

'No, no! You shall know who come with me, by-and-by. I came 'ere 'cause I was afraid to stay at 'ome — that's von thing — and 'cause I wanted to find you out — that's another. London's no place for a gemman to live in: there's so many on us there, that hopposition 'as ruined the trade. As for 'igh toby, there's too much risk in that now-a-days, as I know to my cost, 'cause the only job of that sort I attempted, brought me to the *crap*, and did your business in London.'

'Well, Jack, and now you've found me, tell me, where do you hang out? — at some flash-house?'

'Oh! captain, captain! this is the cursedest country ever vos. Vy, bless you, there aint no flash cribs in America. No, no: I lives under ground.'

'A very proper place for a man that's been hung.'

'Ha! ha! very good. I 'ope it is n't 'unger that sharpens your vit, captain: but you always vos a merry 'un: all the blowers cried their eyes out, ven they heard you'd gone to the other world.'

'The other world! Ha! ha! a very good epithet for this 'undiscovered country!' But go on.'

'Vell, you must know, captain, I'd no sooner landed in New-York, than I hopened a dry-good store.'

'The deuce you did!'

'*Broke* it hopen. Vell, they made sich a row about it, that I was forced to do as the British have done afore — evacuate New-York. Oh! I didn't want to come on 'ere, for I'd 'eard it was *sich* a sober, moral place.'

'So much the better for our trade.'

'No, captain, the better carackter a city 'as, the more rogues there is in it: and in Boston — vy, bless you! I 'ad my 'ole trade to learn. It was like sarving an apprenticeship. Vy, Sir, there was von time ven I thought I should be obliged to take to preaching.'

'And what prevented you?'

'Vant of heddication, and vant of a call, partly — partly 'cause I 'appened to fall in vith an old cove hard by 'ere — an American, who has cracked many a joke with us in times past.'

'Who?'

'Vy, who do you think? Tom Ashburn!'

'You do n't say so!'

'He had been settled here some years on a farm; and the old cove was n't much pleased to see me, you may be sure. But I threatened to blow the gaff on him, so he come round, and hofferred to support me, if I'd give up business, and live like a gemman. I told him if he'd buy my dishonesty, I'd accept his hoffer. He axed me vat I considered my bad carackter vorth: I told him that it hought to fetch me in £400 a year, but it mought be worth no more 'n £200, because the fine harts don't flourish in this country. The old cove shook his 'ead, and could n't give me that; but he agreed to shelter me. There was an old tomb, in the side of an 'ill, on his place, and he and me cleared it out, and enlarged it, and now we've got a snug

room, and a place for a horse or two. But I say, captain, 'ow's the stumpy with you? Clean out?

'All gone!'

'Then you shall come with me, and share my comforts. You need n't look so grave, captain, and turn up your nose at my lodgings. I assure you many's the gentleman has slept up there in the 'ill-side — ay, and been *boarded up* there, too.'

'Well, my good fellow, since I have none but duns to welcome me in Boston, and no other shelter for my head, I'll accept your offer. But tell me, does your companion share the comforts of your under-ground lodging?'

'No, no, Tom has adopted 'er, as von may say: she lives in his 'ouse.'

'*She!* A woman, then?'

'No, no — a child — a little innercent child. My heyes! if you speak to me about it, I shall snivel like a baby.'

'Lead on, then; I am cold and weary.'

Thus urged, and not unmindful of his own comfort, the London prig belabored the ribs of his starveling nag, and preceded our captain at a good round trot. As he passed a rustic farm-house, he turned his head, and said in a low tone to his companion: 'There's the old cove's crib. Not so bad an idea to retire on a farm.'

'No,' answered Percy, or, as we must now call him, Captain Glen; 'many great men have found solace on a farm; among our British heroes, Bolingbroke and the victorious Earl of Peterborough; and Frederick the Great cultivated melons with his own hands, at Sans Souci.'

To this remark, the illiterate cockney made no reply, but drew up his rein at a five-barred gate. The trained animal which he bestrode, albeit presenting little promise of such agility, cleared the barrier at a single bound, and the gallant captain, following his example, was instantly beside his daring guide. Side by side the moral pair cantered across a *mowing*, and half way up a hill, when the leader directed his companion to halt, and dismounted before a gloomy, low-browed arch, that gave admittance to a tomb which had been excavated in the stony bosom of the rising ground.

So soon as the gallant captain and his comrade stood within the precincts of the tomb, the latter secured the double doors by heavy bolts, and then proceeded to strip the horses of their saddles and accoutrements. The apartment in which the captain found himself, was lofty, and both walled and ceiled with stone. Nature appeared to have done as much for it as art, and it was very doubtful whether it had been actually intended as a receptacle for the dead. At the farther extremity was a door which led into a sort of stable, and another aperture in the sides of the cavern gave a glimpse of a small sleeping-room, in which two beds were visible. On the walls of the cave hung several rough coats and hats of various fashions, culinary implements, bridles, halters, whips and spurs, mingled grotesquely with hostile weapons, such as pistols, a cutlass or two, a rusty fowling-piece, and an old king's arm, of very ancient workmanship. These features of the scene were revealed by the strong wild glare of a peat fire, which was built upon a brick hearth, in the centre of the

tomb, and flashed and flickered fiercely, as the captain, covering over the blaze, fanned it with his cap. The shadows of Jack and the horses danced in strange contortions on the wall and ceiling, as the hardy thief was occupied in grooming them. At length he led them to the inner stable, where, throwing down the straw and fodder, he left them for the night.

Returning to the parlor, as he called it, he busied himself in preparations for supper. A tea-kettle, placed upon a trivet over the embers, soon threw up a reeking steam, while from some savory slices of bacon, hissing on the gridiron, arose a peculiar incense, grateful to the senses of the hungry rascals. At length the meal smoked upon the table, and to the articles already mentioned, tea and ham, light-fingered Jack added bread, butter, cheese, smoked beef, toast, and sundry condiments, not forgetting, by way of a whet, a bottle containing the true juice of the juniper, and one of lighter claret, acceptable to the refined taste of the more accomplished robber. These arrangements had been made in profound silence, which was maintained with due gravity, for a long time after the ravenous pair had been seated at the table. At length, Jack Diver, valorous trencher-man as he was, paused, and eyed the captain, who was still busily plying his knife and fork. The light of a tallow candle, streaming full on the face of Jack, revealed a sharp, shrewd countenance, covered with freckles, and surmounted with a shock of wiry red. Its expression would have reminded a play-goer of John Sefton, in the part of Jemmy Twitcher.

'Help yourself, captain,' said he; 'do n't be sparing of the wittles. 'Cause vy? — the public pays for all. Do try a little hung beef; and these here ingens are werry nice, for they 've been *strung up*, as I vas vonce — and do vet your v'istle vith a drop o' max.'

'Thank ye, I prefer claret,' replied the captain, making a generous libation. 'Well now, Jack, tell me what became of Fanny. I believe she only wanted opportunity to peach.'

'She peach! Oh! captain, there 's vere you done her a hinjury as broke her 'art. She vas true to you as knife to hand, and she vas belied by that 'ere imp of Satan, Molly Peacham, vat meant to blow the gaff on you herself. But she 'ad her desarts, for she vas cast for a *lag*, and is ruralizing now at Botany Bay.'

'And did I wrong her? Poor Fanny! Well, well! I dare say she forgot her griefs in the arms of another.'

'Captain Glen, it vas always my principle, and it ought to be your'n, never to speak ill of the dead.'

'Dead! Fanny Merton dead! It cannot be.'

'I swear it, s' 'elp me Bob!'

'And I broke her heart — I murdered her! Good heavens!'

'Oh, captain,' cried Jack, 'do n't use that awful vord. It makes me feel as tremulous as a pendlehum, and as cold as hice. It puts me in mind of the time ven I vas a hinnercent young youth, and used to go to parish-church on Sunday, and hear the good old parson, in a velsh vig, preach about the saints and the 'postles. That vas afore I vas a borphan, and got corrupted in a vork-'us.'

'Damnation!' muttered the captain, occupied with his own thoughts.

'Vell, that's 'arty, now,' said Jack; 'I likes to 'ear you swear. It sounds so nateral. Bless your soul, captain, you do n't know how lonesome I've felt some nights, ven I've been here, and got out of gin. I did n't like the hidea of being hunder ground: 'cause vy? it would be so easy for the vicked von to carry me away, and nobody nigh me to 'ear ven I called for 'elp. Vy, I've voke up in the middle of the night, arter an 'orrible dream, and been so mortal feared, that more 'n vonce I've crept into the stall vith my 'orse, and laid down on his straw. It seemed a sort of protection, like.'

'And you had nothing to bear you up?' said the captain.

'Nothing can stand ag'in conscience,' answered the sententious thief. 'There's only von hact ever gives me satisfaction, and that is, taking care of Fanny's child, and saving her from the fangs of the parish, and bringing her hout 'ere.'

'Fanny's child!' ejaculated the captain: 'was she the companion you spoke of?'

'Ay, captain, and she's your child too.'

'Mine! Ha! ha!'

'You need n't laugh, captain. She bears a c'tificate of her mother's honesty in her likeness to you. Unfortunate Fanny! I see her on her death-bed. She could n't speak a vord, but she vas a-veep-in' and a-vailin', and hugging this 'ere little child to 'er 'art. My heyes! I vas quite ashamed of myself, for I vas crying like a baby; and as I had n't no vipe to vipe the tears away vith, I helped myself to von out of the potecary's pocket. Poor Fanny! she could n't speak, but she p'inted werry pitifully to the child, as much as for to say, 'Take care of it,' and I nodded my 'ead, as much as to say, 'I vill.' But it seems that vas n't enough, for ven I nodded my 'ead, she shook her'n, and p'inted up to the ceiling, as much as to say she wanted me for to go for to take an oath of it. So I took her hand in von of mine, and raising the other up in the most solemncolly manner, I ripped out von of the d—dest oaths you ever heerd, and she vas satisfied—and I vas as good as my vord.'

'For which I thank you,' cried the captain, warmly.

'Ven I vas carried to quod,' continued Jack, 'von of my pals took charge of her; and ven I got away from the medicals, I looked her out, and fetched her to America. But captain, I say, vot makes you look so deadly pale?'

'My child!' cried Glen, 'my poor child! I could wish that she should be spared the life of crime which I and her mother led. Does she know that she has a father, and that her father is a villain?'

'Vy, the leetle creater's only eight year old; and she's had a liberal education for her years; but she do n't know the meaning of them ugly vords, willain and father. Fact, I believe, she thinks the old cove she lives vith, and old granny Burton, is her father and mother.'

'Well!' said Glen, 'she shall never know to whom she owes her being. I will see her only by stealth, and she, at least, shall be virtuous and happy.'

'You're low-spirited, captain,' observed Jack; 'take some gin—I axes pardon, claret—and v'ile you're drinking your lush, I'll jest freshen my nip vith a sup o' max, and then I'll give you a song as

vas wrote by a famous tobyman vot come to his end at Tyburn tree.  
They called him Rhyming Rob.'

#### JACK DIVER'S SONG.

THAT all the world are robbers, now, I'd have you for to know,  
Only some they are of high degree, and some they are of low.  
Your queens and kings, and sich like things, your knights and ladies gay,  
Your statesmen and your bishops, has the people for their prey.

O, tell me vat's the difference — it's werry hard to see —  
'Twixt von o' them and von of us — a minister and me?  
The minister of state and I alike for booty ax,  
Only I confess its *priggings*, v'ile he calls his swag a *tax*.

Your mistress is a robber, though she robs you with a smile,  
And though she picks your pocket, says she loves you all the v'ile:  
Your patriot robs you with his talk about your institutions,  
V'ile your doctor is a prig vot drains your purse's constitutions.

Your landlord robs you civilly — he does it with a bow;  
Your foreign actress does it best — she knows exactly how:  
Your sharper does your business at billiards with a trick,  
And dancers ease your pockets with a *pirouette* and *kick*.

Then vat's the use of labor, boys? — come, push about the max;  
Do n't be ashamed of pilfering — it's levying a tax:  
Then vot's the difference of rank, v'ile von can dance and sing?  
Your king is but a robber, and your robber is a king.

Jack filled his glass, and said: 'Here's confusion to care, and success to our trade! A bumper, captain!'

'With all my heart,' cried Glen, raising a glass of ruby claret to the light. 'Success to our trade!'

'And now, captain,' said Jack, 'I claim my privilege of knocking you down for a song.'

'I cannot object,' replied the courteous robber, 'and I beg you will listen with attention to my

#### 'LAST REQUEST.'

AIR: 'THE LEGACY.'

'WHEN the light of my life is over,  
Guard my body, my ancient pal;  
'Tis not fit that a gallant rover  
Should go to the covies of Surgeon's Hall.  
Take my corse, when no star is shining,  
(This, my pal, is my last request,)  
Bury it deep where the grape-vine, twining,  
Shall shed its drops on my place of rest.

'Thus the clay which was trained to bear it,  
When in the grave it shall 'calm recline,'  
Still shall imbibe its long-loved claret,  
And I be moistened with native wine;  
Raise no stone with its graven folly,  
To feed the scorn of my fellow men,  
But plant the evergreen pine and holly  
Above the grave of your Captain Glen.

'Take the steed that I rode in glory,  
When I die, from his secret stall;  
Linked with mine is his humble story,  
But do not let him survive my fall.  
With my pistols, when life is over,  
Set my steed from his thralldom free,  
Breathe one prayer for the fallen rover,  
Then bury my horse and my arms with me.'



‘And I’ll do so!’ cried Jack, upon whom the juice of the juniper had begun to operate, smiting the table till the plates danced, by way of emphasis; ‘I’m blown if I von’t, and that’s as good as if I swore it. But if I gets scragged before you, captain, (and a knowing gipsey once foretold that I should be scragged twice, and that the last time would prove fatal,) vy, if you can prig my body, and take it to some knowing covey, and if so be as he can’t bring me to life, vy, you may sell my corpse, and drink my health vith the profits. And now, since my heyes are vinking, and it’s nearly morning, I wotes that we retires.’

The motion was seconded by the captain, and, after extinguishing the fire, the pair retired to their beds, to dream over new exploits; so true it is, that success blinds us to danger, and that men can sleep soundly on the verge of a volcano.

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THE sudden disappearance of Captain Percy caused no little excitement among the host of those who knew him. Miss Sallow mourned in solitude and silence; not so the gallant captain’s creditors, who advertised him in the newspapers. It was a long, long time before the bereaved young lady permitted herself to be addressed with words of consolation, and when she did, they were pronounced by the lips of the poor poet; and so potent was their effect, that, strange to say, the young lady, in the fervor of her gratitude, consented to be led to the hymeneal altar by the author of the ‘Genius of Washington.’ They were married in church, with great pomp and ceremony; but when the happy bridegroom placed the wedding ring upon the finger of the bride, she was observed to start and stare, while a crimson flush suffused her innocent countenance. Some considered this ominous; others called it a ridiculous affectation; but we cannot wonder at it, when we learn that in the mysterious and holy symbol, she recognised the *gage d’amour* that once rewarded the impetuous address of captain Percy. However, she kept the secret to herself.

The happy pair passed the honey-moon in excursions to various parts of the country, and once favored the Morthams with a day of their society. It was drawing toward the small hours of darkness, when they entered their carriage, to return to town. They had been urged to remain all night, but they were obdurate and inflexible, defying the perils of darkness and a drunken coachman. The road was silent and deserted, for in the neighborhood of Boston, the people are proverbial for early hours, and a traveller is rarely encountered on the road, after ten o’clock at night. At first, the carriage rolled along at a moderate rate; but the horses soon increased their speed, and owing to the helplessness of the inebriated driver, soon upset the vehicle down a steep bank, at the side of the road. Epic and his lady were unhurt, but terrified exceedingly. They struggled in vain to extricate themselves from their prison, and were compelled to listen to the mingled curses and cries of the coachman, and the splintering of wood, as the frightened horses frantically endeavored to free themselves from the carriage and harness. What was their relief, when the door of their carriage was opened, by an unknown



hand, and they were freed from their perilous situation, and handed out of the fallen vehicle with punctilious politeness. By the light of one of the carriage-lamps, they saw that they were in the presence of two strangers, whose faces were concealed by caps slouched over them, and whose forms were enveloped in loose wrappers. The horses of these friends in need were hitched to the rails of the fence that bounded the road, and were quietly cropping the grass by the way side. The coachman, who had now recovered his senses, was assisting the shortest stranger to right the carriage, and quiet the horses. The driver re-mounted his box, and demanded the reins, but the stranger who had assisted him, imposed silence, by an imperative gesture, and retained them in his own hands.

Epic grasped the hand of his unknown friend, and thanked him warmly for his timely and courteous assistance, assuring him that if he would favor him with his address, he would do himself the honor to send him a copy of the 'Genius of Washington,' on the ensuing day. The stranger bowed, and had his face been visible, it is more than probable that a smile would have been observed lurking on his lips.

The lady was less cold in her acknowledgments than her husband, for she flung herself into the arms of the stranger *à la Française*, and asked how they could reward him. The stranger gently disengaged the lady's arms, and placed her in those of her husband, before he said, in a cool and firm manner :

'These kind words and this embrace are more than sufficient on your part, madam. They overpay me. But you, Sir, must give up your purse, watch, and whatever trinkets you may have about you.'

'You are joking,' cried the astounded Epic.

'Not in the least,' answered the stranger, in a voice which, though disguised, had something in it that thrilled to the heart of the lady as she listened.

'Not in the least,' he repeated, drawing forth, and cocking a huge horse-pistol. 'I should be grieved to be reduced to the necessity of using force — but time presses, and you see I'm armed.'

Epic groaned.

'Come, come,' said the cavalier; 'it is but fair. I stopped and delivered you, and now you must stand and deliver yourselves.'

Resistance was vain, and the frightened pair gave up their money. The lady was about unclasping her necklace, but the robber gallantly prevented her. 'Nay, madam,' cried he, 'I would not take it for the world. I never permit the ladies to surrender any thing to me — but their hearts. And yet, egad! I must have some *souvenir* to remind me of this *bonne aventure*. This ring, madam, you must permit me to wear — *even though it be a gage d'amour*.'

Again that priceless diamond graced the finger of the robber.

'And now, madam,' continued the cavalier, 'allow me to hand you to your carriage, for these night-dews are unfavorable to beauty.' So saying, with the greatest grace imaginable, as if he were treading the *minuet de la cour*, he touched the gloved hand of the lady, and moved to the carriage.

'So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace.'

Strange to say, Mrs. Epic felt, on the whole, rather pleased with her nocturnal adventure. Not so, however, the poet, who, not being so alert in his movements, while ascending the steps of the carriage, as the robber wished, received a quickening application from the muzzle of the pistol, which sent him headlong into the interior of the vehicle. The gallant robber made his adieus to the lady, folded up the steps, and closed the carriage-door. He then approached his companion, and taking the reins from him, handed them up to the coachman, at whose head he presented a cocked pistol, as he gave his parting directions.

‘Drive on,’ said he, ‘as if the devil were behind you, as in truth he is. Spare not for whip or voice, and turn not your head—else it may be the heavier by another ounce of lead.’ It is needless to add, that the Jehu did his best. The robber for a moment watched the dark carriage, as its single light, lessening with wonderful celerity, glanced like a marsh meteor along the midnight road. Then, in a cheerful voice, he said to his companion :

‘To horse, Jack—to horse, you dog! And though our pockets be the heavier, our nags will carry lighter weight.’

The rascals threw themselves into their saddles, and galloped speedily across the country, the taller of the two humming, as he rode, the fragment of a robber-ditty, which had often been roared over the bottle, with stentorian voice, in the dark haunts of London iniquity.

#### THE ROBBER’S CALL.

‘The knight’s in his hall, the dead in his pall,  
And the queen in her regal bed;  
Their slumbers are deep, but no curtained sleep  
Must pillow the robber’s head.

‘The yeoman may snore, when his toil is o’er,  
And the watcher may nod o’er the corse;  
But the robber must rise, under starless skies,  
And saddle his trusty horse.

‘His pistols braced to his sturdy waist,  
He springs on his trusty steed—  
Away! away! the world is the prey  
Of the bold in thought and deed!’

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THE preceding was one of the few exploits which the gallant captain achieved upon the road. He was soon forced to acknowledge that the glory of the highway had departed for ever. Many of the travellers whom he stopped were penniless, and not a few successfully resisted him. Jack Diver, too, his fidus Achates, became daily more and more addicted to his gin, and during a fatal period of intoxication, betrayed in a bar-room the secret of the tomb. In one hour after, Jack was in the gripe of Justice, and two well-armed officers proceeded to the place of concealment, to apprehend his accomplice in crime. They forced the entrance of the den, but its desperate inmate defended himself like a lion, until a random shot from one of the officers brought him to the ground, mortally wounded. He died in the most frightful agonies.

Jack Diver was hung at Dedham — and effectually, too — for his skeleton adorns the hall of a medical association. He was *ultimus Romanorum* — the last of the highwaymen ; for Martin died before, and Walton is hardly a fit representative of the knight-errantry of the road. He met his fate with the most perfect composure, and the last words he uttered were, ‘ Ladies and gentlemen, I’m hinnocent ! I’m hinnocent ! ’

# M E M O R Y .

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM: BY HACK VON STRETCHER.

HAIL, magic power, that in the human soul  
Hast ever held an undisputed throne !  
Departed ages, as they onward roll,  
Return again, thy potent sway to own :  
And former times, whose death knell’s hourly toll,  
Falls on the ear with melancholy tone,  
As thy low voice, earth, air, and ocean stirs,  
Leave, mournfully, their mystic sepulchres.

Thou markest not the present. Time to be,  
The unknown future, fathomless and vast,  
Claims not the tribute of a thought from thee !  
Wrapt in the vision of the shadowy past,  
Thou holdest converse with eternity :  
Beyond the veil o’er perished ages cast,  
From the abyss where Lethe’s waters stray,  
The trophies of thy power are borne away.

The fragrant flowers that bloomed in life’s young morn,  
The bright-winged birds that sang in every tree,  
The dark woods echoing to the huntsman’s horn,  
The mournful murmur of the distant sea,  
Wild notes of music on the zephyr borne,  
And all of Nature’s heart-felt melody,  
When dusky twilight brings thy magic hour,  
Steal on the soul with overwhelming power.

As the soft wind of summer faintly moans  
Along the verdure of each leafy limb,  
There breathes, amid the sadness of its tones,  
The solemn music of a funeral hymn ;  
And the heart time had almost sear’d, now owns  
Its melting influence, and the eye is dim  
With tears of bitterness, as on that day,  
When some loved dust was laid with kindred clay.

Yet, all these shades of past existence come  
From some far goal, where go departed years :  
Where formless spirits ever restless roam,  
But fled are mortal hopes, and mortal fears ;  
And there our spirits, too, may find a home,  
A happy home, where all that now appears  
So dark, shall be revealed, and there shall be  
A place no longer found for Memory !

Wilmington, (Del.,) April, 1837.

## LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM PALMYRA, TO HIS FRIEND MARCUS CURTIUS, AT ROME: NOW FIRST  
TRANSLATED AND PUBLISHED.

## NUMBER NINE.

SEVERAL days have elapsed since I last wrote, yet Calpurnius is not arrived. I am filled with apprehensions. I fear lest he may have thought too lightly of the difficulties of an escape, and of the strictness with which he is watched; for while he seems to have held it an easy matter to elude the vigilance of his keepers, common opinion at Ecbatana appears to have judged very differently. Yet, after all, I cannot but rely with much confidence upon the discretion and the cunning of Isaac. I must now relate what has happened in the mean time.

It was the morning after Isaac's letter had been received and read, that Milo presented himself, with a countenance and manner indicative of some inward disturbance. 'And what,' I asked, 'may be the matter?' 'Enough is the matter, both for yourself and me,' he replied. 'Here now has been a wretch of an Arab, a fellow of no appearance, a mere camel-driver, desiring to see you. I told him flatly that you were not to be seen by scum such as he. I advised him to be gone, before he might have to complain of a broken head. And what do you suppose was the burden of his errand? Why, truly, to ask of the most noble Piso concerning his wife and child! I begged him to consider whether, supposing you did know aught concerning them, you would deign to communicate with a sun-baked beggar of the desert, like him? Whereupon, he raised a lance longer than a mast, and would have run me through, but for the expertness with which I seized and wrested it from him, and then broke it over his head. 'T was the same scowling knave whose camels choked the street the first day we entered the city, and who sent his curse after us. Hassan is his name. His eye left a mark on me then that's not out yet. A hyena's is nothing to it.'

Thus did he run on. I could have speared him as willingly as Hassan. It was plain that the husband of the woman found in the desert by Isaac, hearing a rumor of intelligence received by me, had been to obtain such information as possibly I might possess of his wife and child. Upon asking my slave where the camel-driver now was, he replied that, 'Truly he did not know; he had been driven from the court-yard with blows, and it was a mercy that his life was left to him. He had been taught how again to curse Romans.'

It was in vain that I assured him once and again that he was no longer in the service of an emperor, and that it was unnecessary to treat me with quite so much deference; his only regret was that the robber had got off so easily. As the only reparation in my power for such stupidity and inhumanity, I ordered Milo instantly to set forth in search of Hassan, in the quarter of the city which the Arabs chiefly frequent, and, finding him, to bring him to the house of Gracchus, for I had news for him. This was little relished by Milo, and I could see, by the change of his countenance, that his cowardly soul

was ill-inclined to an encounter with the insulted Arab, in the remote parts of the city, and unaccompanied by any of the slaves of the palace. Nevertheless, he started upon his mission — but, as I afterward learned, bribed Hannibal to act as a life-guard.

Thinking that I might possibly fall in with him myself, and desirous, moreover, of an occupation that should cause me to forget Calpurnius and my anxieties for a season, I went forth also, taking the paths that first offered themselves. A sort of instinct drew me, as it almost always does, to one of the principal streets of the city, denominated, from the size and beauty of the trees which adorn it, the Street of Palms. This is an avenue which traverses the city in its whole length; and at equal distances from its centre, and also running its whole length, there shoots up a double row of palms, which, far above the roofs of the highest buildings, spread out their broad and massy tufts of leaves, and perfectly protect the throngs below from the rays of the blazing sun. Thus a deep shadow is cast upon the floor of the street, while, at the same time, it is unencumbered by the low branches which on every other kind of tree stretch out in all directions, and obstruct the view, taking away a greater beauty and advantage than they give. This palm is not the date-bearing species, but of another sort, attaining a loftier growth, and adorned with a larger leaf. A pity, truly, it is, that Rome cannot crown itself with this princely diadem; but even though the bitter blasts from the Appennines did not prevent, a want of taste for what is beautiful would. The Roman is a coarse form of humanity, Curtius, compared with either the Greek or the Palmyrene. Romans will best conquer the world, or defend it; but its adorning should be left to others. Their hands are rude, and they but spoil what they touch. Since the days of Cicero, and the death of the Republic, what has Rome done to advance any cause, save that of slavery and licentiousness? A moral Hercules is needed to sweep it clean of corruptions, which it is amazing have not ere this drawn down the thunder of the gods. Julia would say that Christ is that Hercules. May it be so!

Along the street which I had thus entered, I slowly sauntered, observing the people who thronged it, and the shops with their varieties which lined it. I could easily gather, from the conversation which now and then fell upon my ear — sometimes as I mingled with those who were observing a fine piece of sculpture, or a new picture, exposed for sale, or examining the articles which some hawker, with much vociferation, thrust upon the attention of those who were passing along, or waiting at a fountain, while slaves in attendance served round in vessels of glass, water, cooled with snow, and flavored with the juice of fruits peculiar to the East — that the arrival of the ambassadors had caused a great excitement among the people, and had turned all thoughts into one channel. Frequently were they gathered together in groups, around some of the larger trees, or at the corners of the streets, or at the entrance of some conspicuous shop, to listen to the news which one had to tell, or to arguments upon the all-engrossing theme with which another sought to bring over those who would listen to one or another side of the great question. But I must confess, that but in a very few instances, the ques-

tion was no question at all, and had but one side. Those whom I heard, and who were listened to by any numbers, and with any patience, were zealous patriots, inveighing bitterly against the ambition and tyranny of Rome, and prognosticating national degradation, and ruin, and slavery, if once the policy of concession to her demands was adopted. 'Palmyra,' they said, 'with Zenobia and Longinus at her head, the deserts around her, and Persia to back her, might fearlessly stand against Rome and the world. Empire began in the East: it had only wandered for a while to the West—losing its way. The East was its native seat, and there it would return. Why should not Palmyra be what Assyria and Persia once were? What kingdom of the world, and what age, could ever boast a general like Zabdas, a minister like Longinus, a queen like the great Zenobia?' At such flights, the air would resound with the plaudits of the listening crowd, who would then disperse and pursue their affairs, or presently gather around some new declaimer.

I was greatly moved on several of these occasions, to make a few statements in reply to some of the orators, and which might possibly have let a little light upon minds willing to know the truth; but I doubted whether even the proverbially good-natured and courteous Palmyrenes might not take umbrage at it. As I turned from one of these little knots of politicians, I encountered Otho, a nobleman of Palmyra, and one of the queen's council. 'I was just asking myself,' said I, saluting him, 'whether the temper of your people, even and forbearing as it is, would allow a Roman in their own city to harangue them, who should not so much advocate a side, as aim to impart truth.'

'Genuine Palmyrenes,' he answered, 'would listen with patience and civility. But in a crowded street, one can never answer for his audience. You see here not only Palmyrenes, but strangers from all parts of the East—people from our conquered provinces and dependencies, who feel politically with the Palmyrene, but yet have not the manners of the Palmyrene. There is an Armenian, there a Saracen, there an Arab, there a Cappadocian, there a Jew, and there an Egyptian—all politically, perhaps, with us, but otherwise, a part of us not more than the Ethiopian or Scythian. The Senate of Palmyra would hear all you might say—or the queen's council—but not the street, I fear. Nay, one of these idle boys, but whose patriotism is ever boiling over, might, in his zeal and his ignorance, do that which should bring disgrace upon our good city. I should rather pray you to forbear. But if you will extend your walk to the Portico which I have just left, you will there find a more select crowd than jostles us where we stand, and perhaps ears ready to hear you. All that you may say to divert the heart of the nation from this mad enterprise, I shall be most grateful for. But any words which you may speak, or which a present god might utter, would avail no more against the reigning frenzy, than would a palm leaf against a whirlwind of the desert.'

As he uttered these words, with a voicesomewhat elevated, several had gathered about us, listening with eagerness to what the noble and respected Otho had to say. They heard him attentively, shook their heads, and turned away—some saying: 'He is a good



man, but timid.' Others scrupled not to impute to him a 'Roman bearing.' When he had ended, seeing that a number had pressed around, he hastily wished me a happy day, and moved down the street. I bent my way toward the Portico, ruminating the while upon the fates of empire.

I soon reached that magnificent structure, with its endless lines of columns. More than the usual crowds of talkers, idlers, strangers, buyers and sellers, thronged its ample pavements. One portion of it seems to be appropriated, at least abandoned, to those who have aught that is rare and beautiful to dispose of. Around one column stands a Jew with antiquities raked from the ruins of Babylon or Thebes — displaying their coins, their mutilated statuary, or half-legible inscriptions. At another, you see a Greek with some masterpiece of Zeusis — nobody less — which he swears is genuine, and to his oaths adds a parchment containing its history, with names of men in Athens, Antioch, and Alexandria, who attest it all. At the foot of another, sits a dealer in manuscripts, remarkable either as being the complete works of distinguished authors, or for the perfection of the art of the copyist, or for their great antiquity. Here were Manetho and Sanchoniathon to be had, perfect and complete. Not far from these stood others, who offered statuary, ancient and modern — vases of every beautiful form, from those of Egypt and Etruria, to the freshly-wrought ones of our own Demetrius — and jewelry, of the most rare and costly kind. There is scarce an article of taste, or valuable of any sort whatever, but may be found here, brought from all parts of the world. In Persian, Indian, and Chinese rarities — and which in Rome are rarities indeed — I have dealt largely, and shall return with much to show you.

When, with some toil, I had won a passage through this busy mart, I mingled with a different crowd. I passed from buyers and sellers among those who were, like myself, brought there merely for the purpose of seeing others, of passing the time, and observing the beautiful effects of this interminable Portico, with its moving and changing crowds, robed in a thousand varieties of the richest costume. It was indeed a spectacle of beauty, such as I never had seen before, or elsewhere. I chose out point after point, and stood a silent and rapt observer of the scene. Of the view from one of these points, I have purchased a painting, done with exquisite skill, which I shall send to you, and which will set before you almost the living reality. To this part of the Portico those resort who wish to hear the opinions of the day upon subjects of politics or literature, or philosophy, or to disseminate their own. He who cherishes a darling theory upon any branch of knowledge, and would promulgate it, let him come here, and he will find hearers at least. As I walked along, I was attracted by a voice declaiming with much earnestness to a crowd of hearers, and who seemed, as I drew near to listen with attention, some being seated upon low blocks of marble, arranged among the columns of the Portico for this purpose, others leaning against the columns themselves, and others standing on the outside of the circle. The philosopher — for such I perceived him at once to be — was evidently a Greek. He was arrayed in a fashionable garb, with a robe much like our toga, thrown over his shoulders,



and which he made great use of in his gesticulations. A heavy chain of gold wound around his neck, and then crossing several times his breast, hung down in artificially-arranged festoons. A general air of effeminacy produced in the hearer at once a state of mind not very favorably disposed to receive his opinions. The first words I caught were these: 'In this manner,' said he, 'did that wonderful genius interpret the universe. 'Tis not credible that any but children and slaves should judge differently. Was there once nothing? Then were there nothing now. But there is something now. We see it. The world is. Then it has always been. It is an eternal Being. It is infinite. Ha! can you escape me now? Say, can there be two infinities? Then where are your gods? The fabled creator or creators — be they many or one — of the universe? Vanished, I fancy, at the touch of my intellectual wand, into thin air. Congratulate yourselves upon your freedom. The Egyptians had gods, and you know what they were. The Greeks had gods, and you know what they were. Those nations grovelled and writhed under their partly childish, partly terrific, and partly disgusting superstitions. Happy that the reality of a divine nature can, so easily as I have now done it, be disproved! The superincumbent gloom is dispersed. Light has broken through. And so, too, touching the immortality of the soul. Immortality of the soul! Did any one of you ever see a soul? I should like to have that question answered: — he swung defyingly his robe, and paused — 'did any one ever see a soul? Yes, and that it was immortal, too! You see a body, and you therefore believe in it. You see that it is mortal, and therefore you believe in its mortality. You do not see the soul — therefore you believe in one? Is that your reasoning? How plain the argument is! When the god or gods — suppose their being — shall send down and impart to me the astounding fact that I am not one, as I seem, but two — am not mortal, as I seem, but immortal — do not melt into dust at death, but rise in spirit — then will I believe such things. Not otherwise. Have we knowledge of any other existences — elemental existences — than corporeal atoms? None. These constitute the human being. Death is their separation, and that separation means the end of the being they once did constitute. But it may all be summed up in a word. When you can see and touch your own soul, as you do see and touch your body, believe in it. Deny and reject this principle, and the world will continue to suffer from its belief in gorgons, demons, spectres, gods, and monsters — in Tartarean regions and torments of damned spirits. Adopt it, and life flows undisturbed by visionary fears, and death comes as a long and welcome sleep, upon which no terrors and no dreams intrude.'

Such was the doctrine, and such nearly the language of the follower of Epicurus. You will easily judge how far he misrepresented the opinions of that philosopher. As I turned away from this mischievous dealer in Cimmerian darkness, I inquired of one who stood near me, who this great man might be? 'What,' said he, in reply, 'do you not know Critias, the Epicurean? You must be a stranger in Palmyra. Do you not see, by the quality of his audience, that he leads away with him all the fine spirits of the city? Observe

how the greater number of these who hang upon his lips resemble, in their dress and air, the philosopher.'

'I see it is so. It seems as if all the profligates and young rakes of Palmyra — of the nobler sort — were assembled here to receive some new lessons in the art of self-destruction.'

'Many a philosopher of old would, I believe,' he rejoined, 'have prayed that his system might perish with himself, could he have looked forward into futurity, and known how it would be interpreted and set forth by his followers. The temperate and virtuous Epicurus little thought that his name and doctrine would in after times be the rallying point for the licentious and dissolute. His philosophy was crude enough, and mischievous, I grant, in its principles and tendencies. But it was promulgated, I am sure, with honest intentions, and he himself was not aware of its extreme liability to misapprehension and perversion. How would his ears tingle at what we have now heard!'

'And would, after all, deserve it,' I rejoined. For he, it seems to me, is too ignorant of human nature, to venture upon the office of teacher of mankind, who believes that the reality of a superintending providence can be denied, with safety to the world. A glance at history, and the slightest penetration into human character, would have shown him, that atheism, in any of its forms, is incompatible with the existence of a social state.'

'What you say is very true,' replied the Palmyrene; 'I defend only the intentions and personal character of Epicurus, not his real fitness for his office. This Critias, were it not for the odiousness of any interference with men's opinions, I should like to see driven from our city back to his native Athens. Listen, now, as he lays down the method of a happy life. See how these young idlers drink in the nectarean stream. But enough. I leave them in their own sty. Farewell! Pray invite the philosopher to visit you at Rome. We can spare him.'

Saying this, he turned upon his heel, and went his way. I also passed on. Continuing my walk up the Portico, I perceived at a little distance, another dark mass of persons, apparently listening with profound attention to one who was addressing them. Hoping to hear some one discoursing upon the condition of the country, and its prospects, I joined the circle. But I was disappointed. The orator was a follower of Plato, and a teacher of his philosophy. His aim seemed to be to darken the minds of his hearers by unintelligible refinements, at least such I thought the effect must be. He clothed his thoughts — if thoughts there really were any — in such a many-colored cloud of poetic diction, that the mind, while it was undoubtedly excited, received not a single clear idea, but was left in a pleasing, half-bewildered state, with visions of beautiful divine truth floating before it, which it in vain attempted to arrest, and convert to reality. All was obscure, shadowy, impalpable. Yet was he heard with every testimony of reverence, on the part of his audience. They evidently thought him original and profound, in proportion as he was unintelligible. I could not help calling to mind the remark of the Palmyrene who had just parted from me. It is difficult to believe that Plato himself labored to be obscure, though some affirm

it. I would rather believe that his great mind, always searching after truth at the greatest heights and lowest depths, often but partially seized it, being defeated by its very vastness; yet, ambitious to reveal it to mankind, he hesitated not to exhibit it in the form, and with the completeness, he best could. It was necessary, therefore, that what he but half knew himself, should be imperfectly and darkly stated, and dimly comprehended by others. For this reason, his writings are obscure — obscure, not because of truths for their vastness beyond the reach of our minds, but because they abound in conceptions but half formed — in inconsequential reasonings — in logic overlaid and buried beneath a poetic phraseology. They will always be obscure, in spite of the labors of the commentators; or, a commentary can make them plain, only by substituting the sense of the critic for the nonsense of the original. But Plato did not aim at darkness. And could his spirit have listened to the jargon which I had just heard proclaimed as Platonism, consisting of common-place thoughts, laboriously tortured and involved, till their true semblance was lost, and instead of them a wordy mist — glowing indeed, oftentimes, with rainbow-colors — was presented to the mind of the hearer, for him to feed upon, he would at the moment have as heartily despised, as he had formerly gloried in, the name and office of philosopher.

I waited not to learn the results at which this great master of wisdom would arrive, but quickly turned away, and advanced still farther toward the upper termination of the Portico. The numbers of those who frequented this vast pile diminished sensibly at this part of it. Nevertheless, many were still like myself wandering listlessly around. Quite at the extremity of the building, I observed, however, a larger collection than I had noticed before; and, as it appeared to me, deeply absorbed by what they heard. I cared not to make one of them, having had enough of philosophy for the day. But as I stood not far from them, idly watching the labors of the workmen who were carrying up the column of Aurelian — noting how one laid the stone which another brought, and how another bore along and up the dizzy ladders the mortar which others tempered, and how the larger masses of marble were raised to their places by machines worked by elephants, and how all went on in an exact order — while I stood thus, the voice of the speaker frequently fell upon my ear, and at last, by its peculiarity, and especially by the unwonted earnestness of the tone, drew me away to a position nearer the listening crowd. By the words which I now distinctly caught, I discovered that it was a Christian who was speaking. I joined the outer circle of hearers, but the preacher — for so the Christians term those who declare their doctrines in public — was concealed from me by a column. I could hear him distinctly, and I could see the faces, with their expressions, of those whom he addressed. The greater part manifested the deepest interest and sympathy with him who addressed them, but upon the countenances of some sat scorn and contempt — ridicule, doubt, and disbelief. As the voice fell upon my ear, in this my nearer position, I was startled. ‘Surely,’ I said, ‘I have heard it before, and yet as surely I never before heard a Christian preach.’ The thought of Probus flashed across my mind; and suddenly

changing my place — and by passing round the assembly, coming in front of the preacher — I at once recognised the pale and melancholy features of the afflicted Christian. I was surprised and delighted. He had convinced me, at the few interviews I had had with him, that he was no common man, and I had determined to obtain from him, if I should ever meet him again, all necessary knowledge of the Christian institutions and doctrine. Although I had learned much, in the mean time, from both Julia and the Hermit, still there was much left which I felt I could obtain, probably in a more exact manner, from Probus. I was rejoiced to see him. He was evidently drawing to the close of his address. The words which I first caught, were nearly these: ‘Thus have I declared to you, Palmyrenes, Romans, and whoever are here, how Christianity seeks the happiness of man, by securing his virtue. Its object is your greater well-being through the truths it publishes and enforces. It comes to your understandings, not to darken and confound them, by words without meaning, but to shed light upon them, by a revelation of those few sublime doctrines of which I have now discoursed to you. Has the Greek, the Roman, or the Persian philosophy, furnished your minds with truths like these? Has life a great object, or death an issue of certainty and joy, under either of those systems of faith? Systems of faith! I blush to term them so. I am the son of a priest of the temple of Jupiter, in the capital of the world. Shall I reveal to you the greater and the lesser mysteries of that worship? I see by expressive signs that it cannot be needful. Why, then, if ye yourselves know and despise the popular worship, why will you not consider the claims of Jesus of Nazareth? ‘I despise it not,’ cried a voice from the throng; ‘I honor it.’ ‘In any nation,’ continued the preacher, ‘and among all worshippers, are there those whom God will accept. The sincere offering of the heart will never be refused. Socrates, toiling and dying in the cause of truth — though that truth in the light of the Gospel were error — is beloved of God. But if God has in these latter days announced new truth, if he has sent a special messenger to teach it, or if it be asserted by persons of intelligence, and apparent honesty, that he has, ought not every sincere lover of truth and of God, or the gods, to inquire diligently whether it be so or not? Socrates would have done so. Search, men of Palmyra, into the certainty of these things. These many years has the word of Christ been preached in your streets, yet how few followers can as yet be counted of him who came to bless you? Sleep no longer. Close not not the ear against the parent voice of the Gospel. Fear not that the religion of Jesus comes to reign over aught but your hearts. It asks no dominion over your temporal affairs. It cares not for thrones, or the sword, or princely revenues, or seats of honor. It would serve you, not rule over you. And the ministers of Christ are your servants in spiritual things, seeking not yours, but you. ‘Paul! Paul of Antioch!’ shouted several voices at once. ‘I defend not Paul of Antioch,’ cried Probus, no ways disconcerted. ‘Judge Christianity, I pray you, not by me, or by Paul, but by itself. Because a fool lectures upon the philosophy of Plato, you do not therefore condemn Plato for a fool. Because a disciple of Zeno lives

luxuriously, you do not, for that, take up a judgment against the philosopher himself. Paul of Samosata, not in his doctrine, but in his life, is an alien — a foreigner — an adversary, and no friend or servant of Jesus. Listen, citizens of Palmyra, while I read to you what the founder of Christianity himself says touching this matter ;' and he drew from beneath his robe a small parchment roll, and turning to the page he sought, read in a loud voice words of Jesus such as these : 'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant. Whosoever shall exalt himself, shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself, shall be exalted.' This is the doctrine of Christ. According to Jesus, 'he among his disciples is greatest, who performs for others the most essential service.' He then turned to another part of the book, and read a long, and, as it struck me, beautiful passage, in which the author of Christianity was represented as stooping and washing the feet of his disciples, to enforce, in a more lively way, his doctrine of humility and philanthropy. When he had finished it, a deep silence had fallen upon those who listened. It was broken by the voice of Probus once more saying, in low and sorrowful tones : 'I confess — with grief and shame, I confess — that pride, and arrogance, and the lust of power, are already among the ministers of Jesus. They are sundering themselves from their master, and thrusting a sword into the life of his Gospel. And if this faith of Christ should ever — as a prophetic eye sees it so sure to do — fill the throne of the world, and sit in Caesar's place — may the God who gave it, appear for it, that it perish not through the encumbering weight of earthly glory. Through tribulation and persecution it has held on its way without swerving. Prosperity begins already to weaken and defile —' What more Probus would have added, I know not ; but at this point, an unusual disturbance arose in the streets. Trumpets sent forth their long peal, and a troop of out-riders, as accompanying some great personage, rode rapidly along, followed by the crowd of idle lookers-on. And immediately a chariot appeared, with a single individual seated in it, and who seemed to take great pleasure in his own state. No sooner had the pageant arrived over against that part of the Portico where we stood, than one and another of Probus' hearers exclaimed : 'Ha ! Paul ! Paul of Antioch ! Behold a Christian servant !' And the whole throng turned away in confusion, to watch the spectacle.

'An unhappy commentary upon the doctrine,' said a Palmyrene to me, as he turned sneeringly away.

'What say you to this ?' asked another, of Probus himself, as he descended from his rostrum, and stood gazing with the rest, but with a burning cheek and down-cast eye.

'I say,' he replied, 'what I have said before, that yonder bishop, however christianized his head may be, is a misbeliever in his heart. He is a true anti-Christ.'

'I am disposed to trust you,' rejoined the other. 'I have heard you, not without emotion. We have had among us many who have declared the doctrine of Christ, but I have heeded them not. It is different with me now. I am desirous to know what this doctrine of Christ is. I have been impressed by what you recited from the

writings of Jesus. How, Christian, shall I apply myself, and where, to learn more than I know now ?

‘If thou wilt learn of so humble a teacher as I am — who yet know somewhat of what Christianity really is — come and hear me at the place of Christian worship in the street that runs behind the great Persian Inn. There, this evening, when the sun is down, shall I preach again the truth in Christ.’

‘I shall not fail to be there,’ said the other, and moved away.

‘Nor shall I, Probus,’ said I, heartily saluting him.

‘Noble Piso !’ he cried, his countenance suddenly growing bright as the sun, ‘I am glad to meet you at length. And have you, too, heard a Christian preach ? A senator of Rome ?’

‘I have ; and shall gladly hear more. I am not, however, a Christian, Probus ; I profess to be but a seeker after truth, if perhaps it may be found in your faith, having failed to discover it among dead or living philosophers. I shall hear you to-night.’

After many mutual inquiries concerning each other’s welfare, we separated.

Upon returning to the house of Gracchus, and finding myself again in the company of Fausta and her father, I said : ‘I go to-night to hear a Christian — the Christian Probus — discourse concerning the Christian doctrine. Will you accompany me, Fausta ?’

‘Not now, Lucius,’ she replied ; ‘my head and heart are too full of the interests and cares of Zenobia, to allow me to think of aught else. No other reason, I assure you, prevents. I have no fears of the opinions of others to hinder me. When our public affairs are once more in a settled state, I shall not be slow to learn more of the religion of which you speak. Julia’s attachment to it, of itself, has almost made a convert of me already, so full of sympathy in all things is a true affection. The heart is a poor logician. It darts to its object, overleaping all reasons, and may as well rest in error as truth. Whatever the purity of Julia and the honesty and vigor of Zenobia accept and worship, I believe I should, without farther investigation, though they were the fooleries and gods of Egypt. Did you succeed in your search of the Arab ?’

No : but perhaps Milo has. To tell the truth, I was soon diverted from that object, first by the excitement I found prevailing among the people on the affairs of the kingdom, and afterward by the spectacles of the Portico, and the preaching of Probus, whom I encountered there.’

In the evening, soon as the sun was set, I wound my way to the Christians’ place of worship.

It was in a part of the city remote and obscure, indicating, very plainly, that whatever Christianity may be destined to accomplish in this city, it has done little as yet. Indeed, I do not as yet perceive what principle of strength or power it possesses, sufficient to force its way through the world, and into the hearts of men. It allows not the use of the sword ; it resorts not to the civil arm ; it is devoid of all that should win upon the senses of the multitude, being, beyond all other forms of faith, remarkable for its simplicity, for its spiritual and intellectual character. Moreover, it is stern and uncompromising in its morality, requiring the strictest purity of life,



and making virtue to consist not in the outward act, but in the secret motive which prompts the act. It is at open and unintermitting war with all the vain and vicious inclinations of the heart. It insists upon a control — an undivided sovereignty — over the whole character and life of the individual. And in return for such surrender, it bestows no other reward than an inward consciousness of right action, and of the approbation of God, with the future hope of immortality. It seems thus to have man's whole nature, and all the institutions of the world, especially of other existing religions, to contend with. If it prevail against such odds, and with such means as it alone employs, it surely will carry along with it its own demonstration of its divinity. But how it shall have power to achieve such conquests, I now cannot see, nor conjecture.'

Arriving at the place designated by Probus, I found a low building of stone, which seemed to have been diverted from former uses of a different kind, to serve its present purpose as a temple of religious worship. Passing through a door, of height scarce sufficient to admit a person of ordinary stature, I reached a vestibule, from which, by a descent of a few steps, I entered a large circular apartment, low but not inelegant, with a vaulted ceiling, supported by chaste Ionic columns. The assembly was already seated, but the worship not begun. The service consisted of prayers to God, offered in the name of Christ — of reading a portion of the sacred books of the Christians, of preaching, of music sung to religious words, and voluntary offerings of money, or other gifts, for the poor. I cannot doubt that you are repelled, my Curtius, by this account of a worship of such simplicity as to amount almost to poverty. But I must tell you that never have I been so overwhelmed by emotions of the noblest kind, as when sitting in the midst of these despised Nazarenes, and joining in their devotions; for to sit neuter in such a scene, was not in my nature to do, nor would it have been in yours, much as you affect to despise this superstitious race. This was indeed worship. It was a true communion of the creature with the Creator. Never before had I heard a prayer. How different from the loud and declamatory harangues of our priests! The full and rich tones of the voice of Probus, expressive of deepest reverence of the Being he addressed, and of profoundest humility on the part of the worshipper, seeming, too, as if uttered in no part by the usual organs of speech, but as if pronounced by the very heart itself, fell upon the charmed ear like notes from another world. There was a new and strange union, both in the manner of the Christian, and in the sentiments he expressed, of an awe such as I never before witnessed in man toward the gods, and a familiarity and child-like confidence, that made me feel as if the God to whom he prayed was a father and a friend, in a much higher sense than we are accustomed to regard the Creator of the universe. It was a child soliciting mercies from a kind and considerate parent — conscious of much frailty and ill desert, but relying, too, with a perfect trust, both upon the equity and benignity of the God of his faith. I received an impression, too, from the quiet and breathless silence of the apartment, from the low and but just audible voice of the preacher, of the near neighborhood of gods and men — of the universal presence of the



infinite spirit of the Deity — which certainly I had never received before. I could hardly divest myself of the feeling that the God addressed, was, in truth, in the midst of the temple; and I found my eye turning to the ceiling, as if there must be some visible manifestation of his presence. I wish you could have been there. I am sure that after witnessing such devotions, contempt or ridicule would be the last emotions you would ever experience toward this people. Neither could you any longer apply to them the terms fanatic, enthusiast, or superstitious. You would have seen a calmness, a sobriety, a decency; you would have heard sentiments, so rational, so instructive, so exalted, that you would have felt your prejudices breaking away, and disappearing without any volition or act of your own. Nay, against your will, they would have fallen. And nothing would have been left but the naked question — not is this faith beautiful and worthy? but is this religion true or false?

When the worship had been begun by prayer to God, in the name of Christ, then one of the officiating priests opened the book of the Christians, and read in the Greek in which they are written — changing it into the Palmyrene dialect, as he read — diverse passages, some relating to the life of Jesus, and others being extracts of letters written by apostles of his to individuals or churches, to which I listened with attention and pleasure. When this was over, Probus rose, standing upon a low platform, like the rostrums from which our lawyers plead, and first reading a sentence from the sayings of Paul, an apostle of Jesus, of which this was the substance: 'Jesus came into the world, bringing life and immortality to light.' He delivered, with a most winning and persuasive beauty, a discourse, or oration, the purpose of which was to show, that Jesus was sent into the world to bring to light or make plain the true character and end of the life on earth, and also the reality and true nature of a future existence. In doing this, he exposed — but in a manner so full of the most earnest humanity, that no one could be offended — the errors of many of the philosophers concerning a happy life, and compared, with the greatest force, their requisitions with those of the gospel, as he termed his religion; showing what unworthy and inadequate conceptions had prevailed, as to what constitutes a man truly great, and good, and happy. Then he went on to show, that it was such a life only as he had described, that could make a being like man worthy of immortality — that although Jesus had proved the reality of a future and immortal existence, yet he had, with even more importunity, and earnestness, and frequency, laid down his precepts touching a virtuous life on earth. He finally went into the Christian argument in proof of a future existence, and exhorted those who heard him, and who desired to inhabit the Christian's heaven, to live the life which Christ had brought to light, and himself had exemplified, on earth, laboring to impress their minds with the fact, that it was a superior goodness which made Jesus what he was, and that it must be by a similar goodness that his followers could fit themselves for the immortality he had revealed. All this was with frequent reference to existing opinions, and practices, and with large illustrations drawn from ancient and modern religious history.

What struck me most, after having listened to the discourse of

Probus to the end, was the practical aim and character of the religion he preached. It was no fanciful speculation or airy dream. It was not a play-thing of the imagination he had been holding up to our contemplation, but a series of truths and doctrines bearing with eminent directness, and with a perfect adaptation, upon human life, the effect and issue of which, widely and cordially received, must be to give birth to a condition of humanity not now any where to be found on the earth. I was startled by no confounding and overwhelming mysteries; neither my faith nor my reason was burdened or offended; but I was shown, as by a light from heaven, how truly the path which leads to the possession and enjoyment of a future existence, coincides with that which conducts to the best happiness of earth. It was a religion addressed to the reason and the affections; and evidence enough was afforded in the representations given of its more important truths, that it was furnished with ample power to convince and exalt the reason, to satisfy and fill the affections. No sooner shall I have returned to the leisure of my home, to my study and my books, than I shall seriously undertake an examination of the Christian argument. It surely becomes those who fill the place in the social state which I do, to make up an intelligent judgment upon questions like this, so that I may stand prepared to defend it, and urge it upon my countrymen, if I am convinced of its truth, and advantage to my country, or assail and oppose it, if I shall determine it to be what it is so generally termed, a pernicious and hateful superstition.

When the discourse was ended, of the power and various beauty of which I cannot pretend properly to acquaint you, another prayer, longer and more general, was offered, to parts of which there were responses by the hearers. Then, as a regular part of the service, voluntary offerings and gifts were made by those present for the poor. More than once, as a part of the worship, hymns were sung to some plain and simple air, in which all the assembly joined. Sometimes, to the services which I witnessed, Probus informed me there is added a further ceremony, called the 'Lord's Supper,' being a social service, during which bread and wine are partaken of, in memory of Jesus Christ. This was the occasion, in former times, of heavy charges against the Christians, of rioting and intemperance, and even of more serious crimes. But Probus assures me that they were even then utterly groundless, and that now nothing can be more blameless than this simple spiritual repast.

The worship being ended, and Probus having descended from his seat, I accosted him, giving him what I am certain were very sincere thanks, for the information I had obtained from his oration, concerning the primary articles of the Christian faith.

'It has been,' said he, in reply, 'with utmost satisfaction, that I beheld a person of your rank and intelligence among my hearers. The change of the popular belief throughout the Roman empire, which must come, will be a less tumultuous one, in proportion as we can obtain even so much as a hearing, from those who sit at the head of society, as to rank and intelligence. Let me make a sincere convert of a Roman emperor, and in a few years the temples of Paganism would lie even with the ground. Believe me, Christianity has

penetrated deeper and farther than you in the seats of power dream of. While you are satisfied with things as they are, and are content to live on and enjoy the leisure and honors the gods crown you with, the classes below you, less absorbed by the things of the world — because perhaps having fewer of them — give their thoughts to religion, and the prospects which it holds out of a happier existence after the present. Having little here, they are less tied to the world than others, and more solicitous concerning the more, and the better, of which Christianity speaks.’

‘I am not insensible,’ I replied, ‘to the truth of what you say. The cruelties, moreover, exercised by the emperors toward the Christians, the countless examples of those who have died in torments for the truth of this religion, have drawn largely and deeply upon the sympathy of the general heart, and disposed it favorably toward belief. In Rome, surrounded by ancient associations, embosomed in the midst of a family remarkable for its attachment to the ancient order of things — friends of power, of letters, and philosophy, I hardly was conscious of the existence of such a thing as Christianity. The name was never heard where I moved. Portia, my noble mother, with a heart beating warm for every thing human, instinctively religious beyond any whom I have ever seen or known, of the Christian or any other faith, living but to increase the happiness of all around her, was yet — shall I say it? — a bigot to the institutions of her country. The government and the religion under which all the Pisos had lived, and flourished, which had protected the rights and nursed the virtues of her great husband and his family, were good enough for her, for her children, and for all. Her ear was closed against the sound of Christianity, as naturally as an adder’s against all sound. She could not, and never did hear it. From her I received my principles and first impressions. Not even the history, nor so much as a word of the sufferings of the Christians, ever fell on my ear. I grew up in all things a Piso — the true child of my mother — in all save her divine virtues. And it was not till I, a few years since, broke loose from domestic and Roman life, and travelled to Greece and Egypt, and now to the East, that I became practically aware of the existence of such a people as the Christians — and my own is, I suppose, but a specimen of the history of my order. I now perceive, that while we have slept, truth has been advancing its posts, till the very citadel of the world is about to be scaled. The heaven of Christianity is cast into the lump, and will work its necessary end. It now, I apprehend, will matter but little what part the noble and the learned shall take, or even the men in power. The people have taken theirs, and the rest must follow, at least submit. Do I over-estimate the inroads of the religion upon the mind and heart of the world?’

‘I am persuaded you do not,’ replied the Christian. ‘Give me, as I said before, one Roman Emperor for a convert, and I will insure the immediate and final triumph of Christianity. But in the mean time, another Nero, another Domitian, another Decius, may arise, and the bloody acts of other persecutions stain the annals of our guilty empire.’

‘The gods forbid!’ said I; ‘yet who shall say it may not be!’

Much as I honor Aurelian for his many virtues, I feel not sure that in the right hands he might not be roused to as dark deeds as any before him — darker they would be — inasmuch as his nation for sternness and severity has not, I think, been equalled. If the mild and just Valerian could be so wrought upon by the malignant Macrianus, what security have we in the case of Aurelian? He is naturally superstitious.'

'O that in Aurelian,' said the Christian, 'were lodged the woman's heart of Zenobia! — we then could trust the morrow as well as enjoy to-day. Here no laws seal the lips of the Christian: he may tell his tale to as many as choose to hear. I learn, since my arrival, that the Princess Julia is favorably inclined toward the Christian cause. Dost thou know what the truth may be?'

'It is certain that she admires greatly the character and the doctrine of Christ, and I should think, believes — but she does not as yet openly confess herself a follower of the Nazarene. She is perhaps as much a Christian as Zenobia is a Jewess.'

'I may well rejoice in that,' replied the Christian — 'yes, and do.'

The lights of the apartment were now extinguished, and we parted.

If ever again in Rome, my Curtius, it shall be my care to bring to your acquaintance and Lucilia's, the Christian Probus. Farewell!

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#### MY LIBRARY.

ADDRESSED, IN A LETTER, TO SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

My days among the dead are passed;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old:  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse, day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in wo;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead: with them  
I live in long past years;  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn —  
Partake their hopes and fears;  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction, with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead: anon,  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

## M A Y .

## I.

LAUGHING Spring her court is keeping —  
 See, with garlands green and gay,  
 Nature from her torpor leaping,  
 Wreathes the brow of 'merry May.'  
 May, sweet May! the violets love her —  
 At her summons forth they start;  
 Bursting buds the branches cover —  
 Life hath stirred the blossom's heart.

## II.

Dreamy haze floats round and o'er us —  
 Earth's rich incense to the sun;  
 And the streams that, frozen, bore us,  
 Bubble laughter as they run:  
 Forest birds are improvising  
 Love songs in the greenwood shade;  
 Wings are darting, fluttering, rising,  
 Through the copse, and o'er the glade.

## III.

Forms like shafts of light are sweeping  
 Through the lake, in circles wide,  
 And the glistening snake is sleeping  
 On the mountain's sunny side.  
 Life through insect tribes is thrilling,  
 Senseless late in winter's trance,  
 And the germs of flowers are filling,  
 O'er whose leaves their wings shall glance.

## IV.

Glorious Spring! that doth re-capture  
 From stern Winter's tomb its prey,  
 Spreads abroad the wing of rapture,  
 Hangs the leaflet on the spray;  
 Once again my heart rejoices,  
 As I thread the greenwood free,  
 And my spirit from its voices  
 Drinks in wordless pöesy!

## A DAY AT THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

CRAWFORD'S INN, AUGUST 5th, 1835. Our first feelings, on awakening this morning, were those of disappointment; for we had proposed, after an early breakfast, to commence the ascent of Mount Washington; but instead of the clear atmosphere and joyous sunshine which we had anticipated, the sky was dark and lowering, a drizzly rain was falling, and a light silvery mist veiled the summits of the White Hills. Amusement within doors there was none, for the 'Register' composed the library of our host; and its varied columns we had already conned from first to last. In its pages we met with many a well-known name. Far distant friends it brought before us; and as we looked upon the familiar characters, read the course of their wanderings, and perhaps a passing remark, memory revived the past, imagination blended it with the present, and amid the solitude of the mountains and the discomforts of an inn, fancy surrounded us with a group of friends. Pleasant, very pleasant, is it, to think that those we love have tarried in the same spot, and inscribed their names for a similar purpose in the self-same pages.

Breakfast concluded, we determined, in defiance of the weather, and the prediction of our host that the rain would continue till the morrow, to visit the Notch, some six miles distant. We were soon seated, four in number, in a small antique carriage, which, to judge by its appearance, might have belonged to the pilgrim-fathers. The rain had rendered the sandy road more firm, and drawn by four fleet horses, we sped on merrily over hill and valley, through field and forest, beneath towering trees and past smoking stumps, and in a short time alighted a few rods from the Notch.

The entrance to this wondrous Gap is guarded by two immense rocks, standing like sentinels on either hand, rising to a height of thirty feet, and formed with a regularity which might betoken the hand of art, did not the bending trees waving on their summits, and

the wild shrubs shooting from their crevices, all prove them to be nature's workmanship. The distance between these piles, at the entrance about thirty feet, gradually diminishes to twenty; and for full forty yards, this double wall rises perpendicularly, as though an opening through the solid rock had been cut by the chisel of some giant hand. After emerging from this picturesque passage, which one might readily imagine the entrance to some fortress, a few steps brought us in view of the far-famed Gap. The Notch is a breach in the range of the mountains, nearly three miles in length, affording to travellers a convenient and easy passage; whereas had not Nature, by some great convulsion, with the effects only of which we are acquainted, thus torn the hills asunder, access from the one border to the other could have been obtained only by climbing the rugged steep. The walls of this mighty cleft are some six hundred feet in height, and the light-colored granite of which they are composed has been worn bare by numerous and frequent slides. At the moment our eyes rested on the scene, the sun, breaking through the clouds, shed its bright beams upon the southern ridge, forming a beautiful contrast with the deep shadows of the opposite precipice. There is a continued descent, in some places steep and difficult, from the western to the eastern extremity of the Notch. The space at the bottom is frequently so narrow, as barely to afford room for the road, which is constructed upon heaps of rock and rubbish, deposited by repeated storms, and for a little stream called the *Saco*, which takes its rise in Mount Washington, and for the last mile or two had been flowing gently through a level meadow, but here it dashed furiously along, with ripple and foam, sometimes beside our steps, and often beneath our feet. As we descended the winding path — for the Gap is far from being regular — the scene increased in sublimity and beauty. The precipitous rocks became higher and higher, and stood forth in bold relief against the sky, where the clouds were now fast giving way to an azure hue. The outline of the upper ledge was clearly defined, and its white lime-stone contrasted beautifully with the blue heavens. Here a mass of rock was seen, half detached, and ready to fall; and near it, a stunted tree sent forth its crooked top. Several flumes, or mountain torrents, having their origin in springs at the summit, came tumbling down the sides, forming a striking feature in the picture. You may see the stream rushing from the topmost cliff, and falling some fifty feet, when, striking again the rocks, it re-bounds with jet and spray, and then dances gaily from cleft to crag, until its waters mingle with those of the *Saco*. Scattered trees and bushes lend their foliage to variegate the barrenness of the hill-sides, which bear marks of violent and recent convulsions.

A melancholy tale is connected with the fall of an *avalanche de terre* in the year 1826, a brief statement of which we had read in our 'Tourist,' but we now heard it from the lips of our guide, who had himself known the parties; and it was related with much fidelity and feeling, while we were standing almost on the very spot where the catastrophe occurred.

A few years since, the Notch exhibited a far different appearance from that which now meets the eye of the wondering traveller. The



mountainous steeps as at this moment reared high their tops toward heaven, and the sparkling Saco rippled in the vale between. But no fearful convulsion had then disturbed the symmetry of the scene. Frequently in some wider opening, tall trees, rooted near the stream, waved their green foliage over its waters; and in one spot, nearly a mile from the rocky portals, where the precipitous bank gives place to a gentle slope, a stately grove of cedars, formed an oasis of eternal verdure, in this place of flint and barrenness. At the eastern extremity of the Notch, where the Gap is more than half a mile in breadth, the level plain, lying in the midst, now presents the appearance of a desert. Broken rocks and shattered trees are seen every where protruding from the mass of sand and stones which covers the entire spot, and extends for many feet below the surface. Formerly that plain was a verdant meadow, and those trees sheltered the cattle which browsed upon its herbage.

A little to the right, situated beneath a frowning cliff, stands a small house, tenantless and neglected. The wind sighs unheeded through its open door and sashless windows, and its walls are defaced with the rudely-cut names of numerous visitants, and in some places slashed and marred by the careless touch of a wanton hand. The merry laugh which once rung through those deserted chambers, is hushed forever — the lips whose smile cheered and enlivened them, may part no more.

It was in the year 18 — , that a new settler made his appearance among the few and scattered inhabitants of the White Hills. CALVIN WILLEY was a young man, a native of New-England, and possessed of the honorable sentiments and steady habits claimed as characteristics of her sons. He came not alone. A youthful partner, by education fitted to adorn a higher sphere, resigned the attractions which elsewhere courted her, to accompany her husband to this inhospitable region. Whether the beauty of the Notch valley enchanted his eye, or some older settler recommended its fertility, a few months found them comfortably settled in the small tenement we have described, and it was generally supposed that a more eligible site could not have been chosen. The fruits of happy industry were ere long visible around them. Time rolled on — the verdant meadow grew daily more flourishing and productive — and a smiling group of children, ready to

—— ‘lisp their sire’s return,  
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share,’

made merry the vacant evenings. The inclemency of the season, and the many difficulties attendant on travelling, induced the Willeys to open their house for the accommodation of travellers, and there are probably some now living, who may remember the social circle around the winter hearth, and be able to recount many a story which has made the hills echo to the joyous laugh. Oft has the crackling fire in that now vacant chimney rejoiced the soul of the weary wayfarer.

As yet, the violence of no storm had been able to destroy the symmetry of the Notch. The tall cliffs beheld the elements waste their fury around them, and stood unshaken and unchanged; but the time was coming when the proud oak was to snap, and the pillars of the earth tremble; when that blooming valley was to be buried from the



view, and that happy family swept into eternity. In the month of August, 1826, a few days before the well-known tempest, a storm loosened some high rocks near their dwelling, and caused a small slide, which, though harmless in its effects, justly excited fears for the occurrence of similar accidents in future. We have already mentioned, that the house stands immediately at the foot of the mountain, in an exposed situation, yet one not to be compared in point of danger with others near it, for the hill-side, though steep, was covered with verdant turf, and shaded by many noble trees. A few rods from the dwelling, our guide pointed out to us the spot where Willey had erected a rude tent, to which he and his family might fly for safety, should the cliffs again threaten them. Thus prepared against the worst, we may suppose they slept in peace, with no thought of danger to disturb their slumbers.

On the night of the twenty-eighth of August, there arose a tempest, 'the like of which,' said our narrator, 'was never known.' The gathering clouds met, like opposing armies, and terrible was the conflict. The blackness of night was rendered more gloomy by the darker shadowing of the storm :

'It burst from earth to heaven,  
It rolled from crag to cloud.'

and loud peals and frequent flashes attended the descent of unbroken floods. Fragments, torn from the toppling cliffs, and sweeping before them the loftiest trees, and most firmly based rocks, were hurled into the vale below. Anon a vivid gleam lighted up the scene of desolation, and the groans of the fractured mountains mingled with the howlings of the storm. Slowly and fearfully passed the night to the trembling inhabitants of the White Hills. Morning broke at last, and the sun's early rays again lighted up this amphitheatre of mountains. The genius of the storm, as if satisfied with his work, was heard no longer. The dark clouds had rolled away, and the deep swelling gusts had ceased to roar amid the forest ; but the face of nature was changed. Each bubbling brook was now a rapid stream, and each stream an overflowing river. The destructive effects of the tempest were visible on every side. The mountains were marked with the paths of slides a fourth of a mile in breadth, and from one to five miles in length. The Notch, especially, presented a scene of wild disorder. Fragments of the disjointed cliffs, broken rocks, shattered trees, and huge heaps of earth and stones, occupied the narrow passage. The Saco, now a raging torrent, had left its wonted bed, and dashed violently along, where the day previous the road had passed. While no vestige remained of the tent erected for a secure shelter, the Willey house stood alone amid the ruined waste, and beneath the shelter of the wall, cowered a flock of trembling sheep. The open door seemed to invite an entrance, but no inmate appeared, to offer the welcome of hospitality. A solemn stillness reigned within the apartments, which were soon discovered to be vacant. The clothes of the ill-fated inmates were found by their bed-sides, as though they had fled in a moment of terror. A large slide from the hill above, the fear of which probably induced their sudden flight, stopped, as if by a miracle, scarcely three feet from the dwelling,

and it is supposed that they were swept away by the flood almost upon leaving their own door. The arrival of several strangers the day before, had increased the number of the family, and eleven persons thus met an untimely end. The bodies of some were never found; the mangled remains of others were discovered near the bank of the Saco.

'And such is human life: thus gliding on,  
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

Is the reflection which forces itself upon the mind of the traveller, as he treads the deserted chambers of that lonely house. He has gazed with delight upon the majesty of nature, and his imagination has revelled in contemplating her beauty. He has stood in mute astonishment at the wreck of mountains, and his mind has acknowledged the omnipotence of HIM 'who rides upon the whirlwind and directs the storm.' But that lowly tenement has a melancholy interest, a speaking silence, to touch the soul. As

—— 'there is given  
Unto the things of earth, which time has bent,  
A spirit's feeling,'

so by its sad associations it moves the sympathies and warms the heart of the coldest and most indifferent, and he turns aside to brush away a tear to the memory of the WILLEY FAMILY.

NEMO.

#### A THOUGHT IN SOLITUDE.

'Reddas incolumem, precor;  
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.'

HOR. CAR. LIB. I., 3.

WHERE is the queenly ship,  
That in her beauty flew  
Over the harbor's emerald waves,  
To her HOME, the deep and blue?  
Like a bride she bounded forth,  
With music and with glee;  
Proud were the men who guided her  
To combat with the sea!

Can her high pride be tamed?  
Where are her streamers gone?  
Doth she lie where the south-breeze cannot reach,  
Nor the storm-wind's awful tone?  
Where is the queenly ship,  
With her crew of gallant men?  
Are they in silence laid to sleep,  
But once to rise again?

Or is she bounding on  
As on that parting day;  
Doth the noble bark, like one of life,  
The skill of man obey?  
O! there were hearts within her  
That warmly beat for me —  
But their God and mine 'holds in his palm'  
Their enemy, the sea!

Quebec, April, 1837.

A. A. M.

## S T A N Z A S .

Joy next took up the strain. How sweet the song !  
 'Twas like a trancing harmony on ears  
 Tortur'd by Discord's tale of crime and wrong.  
 His was no history of frowns and fears —  
 His presence fill'd the spirit of a child,  
 Lighting to lovelier lustre as he grew !  
 His days swept on all musically wild,  
 Scatt'ring around new beauties as they flew —  
 Delight leapt ever round his path, and flung  
 Fresh flowers about the way where Wit and Laughter rung.

He made his home with cheerfulness. His hearth,  
 When Winter clos'd the door, and heap'd the fire,  
 Sounded till midnight with the note of mirth,  
 Touch'd by the son, and echoed by the sire,  
 And when green summer with its bloom was out,  
 He trod with music mid the bending corn,  
 Greeting brown exercise with song and shout,  
 And panting up the hills with light of morn ;  
 Far from the city, with its sickly shade,  
 Link'd hand in hand with Health, that bright enchanting maid !

His days pass'd goldenly. Above, around,  
 That voice of song in ceaseless tone was heard,  
 In one unrivall'd melody of sound,  
 And gushing as the note of some wild bird ;  
 With buoyant step from cottage to the hall,  
 To greet bright brows he went, and beaming eyes,  
 Casting the magic of his mien on all,  
 Banding all life's delights, and scattering sighs —  
 Still pointing through time's trials on to Heaven,  
 Where the heart yet should land, that earth had wrung and riven.

*New-York, April, 1837.*

GREVILLE MELLEEN.

## THE HISTORY \*

LATELY DISCOVERED, OF TWO NOBLE LOVERS, WITH THEIR PITEOUS DEATH, WHICH HAPPENED  
 IN THE CITY OF VERONA, IN THE TIME OF THE SIG. BARTOLOMMEO DE LA SCALA.\*

As you yourself saw, when heaven had not turned against me in all its ire, I dedicated myself, in the bright dawning of my youth, to the practice of arms ; and, following in this many great and valorous gentlemen, I exercised myself sometime in your delightful country of Friuli, through which, according to circumstances — sometimes here and now there — I was obliged to go. It was my constant custom to have with me when riding, an archer of mine, a man of perhaps fifty years, experienced in the practice, and very pleasant, and, as almost all those of Verona are, a great talker — named Peregrino. He, beside being a courageous and expert soldier, was graceful, and, perhaps more than was suitable for his years, continually falling in love ; which to his value added double value : wherefore he delighted to recount, in a most comely manner and grace, the most beautiful stories, and especially those which spake of love, no other than which I ever heard. For which reason, on my setting out from Gradisca, where I lodged, with this one and two of my

\* SOME account of this 'ryghte quainte and most piteous' tale — written four or five centuries since, and the undoubted original of Shakspeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' — may be found in the Editors' Table.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

friends, perhaps fired with love, coming opposite Udine, which road was unfrequented, and entirely ruined and destroyed by the war: both much oppressed by the thought, and apart from the rest, coming to me, the said Peregrino having addressed me, like one who guessed my thoughts, thus said to me:

‘Do you wish always to live sadly, because a cruel beauty, pretending differently, loves you little? And, although I speak against myself, yet, because they give better, who do not keep their own counsel, I will tell you, master mine, that beside the exercise in which you are, the being much in the prison of Love is unbecoming; so sad are almost all the ends to which it conducts, that there is danger in following it. And in testimony of this, I shall be able to recount to you, whenever you please, a tale, which happened in my city, which will make the road less solitary and tiresome; and in which you will perceive how two noble lovers were guided to a miserable and pitiful death.’ And when I had now made a sign of willingly hearing him, he thus began.

IN the time that Bartholomew de la Scala, a courteous and humane gentleman, at his pleasure both tightened and relaxed the rein to my beautiful country, there were in it, as my father said he had heard, two most noble families, through contrary faction or private odium enemies, the one called the Capulets, the other the Montagues. Of one of which this is reckoned for certain, that they dwelt in Udine; that is, Mr. Niccolo and Giovanni, now called Monticoli of Verona, by a strange chance came here to dwell; although little else of the possessions of their ancestors had they brought with them to this place, except their kind courtesy; and although I, reading some old chronicles, had found that these two families, united, sustained the same party; nevertheless as I heard it, without alteration, I will unfold it to you.

There were then, as I said, in Verona, under the gentleman already mentioned, the aforesaid most noble families, equally endowed by heaven, nature, and fortune, with valiant men and riches. Between which, as is commonly seen in great houses, whatever the occasion might have been, there reigned a most bitter enmity; by which many men had fallen on both sides; so that through fatigue, as frequently happens in such cases, and also from the threats of the ruler, who with very great displeasure saw them opposed, they had drawn off from injuring one another, and without other peace, in time were so familiarized, that a great part of their men spake together. These being thus pacified, it happened, one carnival, that in the house of Sir Antonio Capulet—a cheerful and very jocund man, who was the first of the family—many parties were made, by day and night, to which almost the whole city resorted. To one of these, one night, (as is the custom of lovers, who follow their ladies as with the heart, so also with the body, if they can, wherever they go,) a youth of the Montagues, following his lady, entered.

He was very young, beautiful, tall in person, graceful, and very virtuous: for, having taken off his mask, as every other one did, and being in the habit of a nymph, there was not an eye which did not

turn to look upon him, as well for his beauty, which surpassed that of every body there, as for wonder that he should come into that house, particularly by night. But with more efficacy than by any one else was he looked upon by a daughter of Sir Antonio, already mentioned, who was his only one, and of supernatural beauty, great courage, and grace. She, seeing the youth, with so much force received his beauty in her mind, that at the first encounter of their eyes, she no longer appeared to her to be herself. He stood during a part of the entertainment alone, with little courage, and seldom mingled in the dance, or in any conversation. He stood with much anxiety, like one who had been conducted there by love, which much afflicted the maiden; for she heard he was very pleasant and jocose. And the middle of the night passing, and the end of the revelry approaching, the dance of the *torch and hat*, as we commonly call it, and which we still see used at the end of parties, began; in which, standing in a circle, the gentleman takes the lady, and the lady the gentleman, changing at their pleasure. In this dance, the youth was taken out by a lady, and by chance placed next the already enamored maiden. On the other side of her, was a noble youth, named Mercutio Guertio; who by nature, as well in July as in January, had very cold hands. Wherefore, Romeo Montague, (for thus was the youth called,) being placed on the left of the lady, and having taken her beautiful hand in his hand, as was the custom in this dance, the maiden almost immediately said to him — perhaps desirous of hearing him speak — ‘Blessed be your coming next me, Sir Romeo!’ To whom the youth, who had already perceived her admiration, astonished at her language, said: ‘How! blessed be my coming?’ And she replied: ‘Yes, blessed is your coming here next me; for you, at least, will keep warm this my left hand, while Mercutio freezes my right.’ He, taken somewhat with courage, continued: ‘If I warm your hand with mine, you with your beautiful eyes inflame my heart.’ The lady, after a slight smile, avoiding being seen with him, or heard speak, then said to him: ‘I swear to you, Romeo, by my faith, that there is no lady here who seems so beautiful in my eyes, as you are.’ To whom the youth, now quite inflamed by her, answered: ‘Whatever I may be to myself, I will be to your beauty (if it is not displeasing) a faithful slave.’

The revelry having soon after ceased, and Romeo returned to his house, having considered the cruelty of his former lady, determined, when she should choose, to give himself entirely to the former, although she was of his enemies. On the other hand, the maiden, thinking of little else than him alone, after many sighs, thought within herself, that she should be happy, if she could have him for a husband: but, on account of the enmity between their families, with much fear she had little hope of arriving at so happy an issue. Whence, living continually in two thoughts, she often said to herself: ‘Ah, foolish me! for what desire do I allow myself to be guided into so strange a labyrinth? — where, remaining without guide, I shall not be able to come out at my pleasure, even if Romeo Montague does not love me; because, through the enmity he has for mine, he can seek nothing but my shame: and even if he should wish me for wife, my father would never consent to give me to him.’ Afterward,

coming to the other thought, she said : ' Who knows but that, the better to reconcile these houses together, which are now weary and satiated with contention, I shall yet be able to possess him in that guise in which I desire him ? ' And determined in this, some kind looks began to pass between them. The two lovers, then inflamed with equal fire, carrying engraven on their breasts the beautiful name and image of one another, began to look upon each other, sometimes in church, sometimes at a window ; insomuch that neither had any pleasure but in contemplating the other. And he, in particular, was so inflamed with her elegant manners, that almost the whole night, with great danger to his life, he stood alone before the house of his mistress ; and now, having drawn himself by force to the window of her chamber, there, without her knowledge, or that of any one else, he seated himself to hear her delightful conversation ; and now he lay in the street.

It happened one night, as Love wished, the moon shining brighter than usual, that while Romeo was ascending to the balcony before mentioned, either by chance or because she had heard him on the other evenings, she came and opened the window, and stepping out, saw him ; who, thinking that not she but some other person opened the window, endeavored to escape into the shadow of the wall. Wherefore, having recognised and called to him, she said : ' What do you here thus alone at this hour ? ' And he, now knowing her, answered : ' What love wills. ' ' And if you are taken here, ' said the lady, ' will you not quickly perish ? ' ' My lady, ' replied Romeo, ' it is true that I may quickly perish here ; and I shall certainly, some night, if you do not aid me. But because I am as near death in any other place as here, I endeavor to die as near your person as I can ; with which I shall ever rejoice to live, as soon as it pleases heaven and you. ' To which words the maiden replied : ' By me, you shall never be deterred from living honorably with me, did it not remain rather with you, and the hatred I see between our families. ' To whom the youth answered : ' You may believe that nothing can be more desired, than I continually desire you ; and therefore, whenever you alone shall choose to be as much mine as I desire to be yours, I will willingly do it. Nor do I fear that any one will ever remove me from you. ' And this said, having made arrangements to converse another night with more security, they left their respective situations.

The youth, having gone afterward, many times, to speak to her, one evening, when much snow fell, met her at the accustomed place, and said to her : ' Ah ! why do you make me thus languish ? Do you not pity me, who, in these rude times, wait for you whole nights in this place ? ' To whom the lady answered : ' Certainly I do pity you ; but what would you have me do, except to pray that you would go ? ' Thus the youth answered her : ' That you would allow me to enter your chamber, where we shall be able to converse more conveniently. ' Then the beautiful maiden, as if in scorn, said : ' Romeo, I love you as much as any person can lawfully love, and grant you more than is proper for my honor ; and I do it, overcome by the love of your value. But if you think, either by long admiration, or by other means, to enjoy my affection, other than as a lover, lay this thought



aside, for in the end you will find it useless. And, not to keep you any longer in the dangers in which I see your life is, coming every night through these by-ways, I tell you, that whenever you please to accept me for your lady, I am ready to give myself entirely to you, and to go with you unto any place you choose, without a reason.' 'This only do I desire,' said the youth; 'let it be done *now*.' 'Be it so,' replied the lady; 'but let it afterward be renewed in the presence of Friar Lawrence, of the order of St. Francis, my confessor, if you wish that I should give myself to you in every thing, and contented.' 'Oh!' said Romeo to her, 'then Friar Lawrence of Reggio is he who knows every secret of your heart?' 'Yes,' said she, 'and it would serve for my satisfaction to do all our business before him.' And here, having put discreet bounds to all their matters, the two separated.

This friar was minor of observation of the order, a great philosopher, and skilled in many things, both natural and magic; and he was in such close friendship with Romeo, that one more close between two would not have been found in many places in those times. Wherefore, the friar, wishing at once both to remain in the good opinion of his people, and to enjoy somewhat his pleasure, was necessarily obliged to confide in some gentlemen of the city; among whom he had selected this Romeo, a youth feared, courageous, and prudent; and had laid bare to him his heart, which by pretence he concealed from the rest. Therefore, found by Romeo, it was quickly told him, how he desired to have the beloved maiden to wife, and how they had agreed together, that he alone should be the secret witness of their marriage, and afterward the mediator to cause her father to consent to the union. The friar was contented with this, both because he could not deny Romeo any thing, without injury to himself, and also because he thought that through his mediation this thing would succeed well; which would gain him honor from the Ruler, and every other, who had desired to see these two houses at peace. And it being Lent, the maiden, pretending one day a wish to confess, went to the monastery of St. Francis, and having entered one of the confessionals these friars use, caused Friar Lawrence to be called. Who, perceiving her there, from within the convent, having entered the same confessional with Romeo, and shut the door, a plate of iron filled with holes, which was between the maiden and them being taken away, said to her: 'I am always accustomed to see you willingly; but now are you dearer than ever to me, if it is thus, that you wish my lord Romeo for your husband.' To whom she answered: 'Nothing do I more desire, than to be lawfully his: and for this reason have I come here to your presence, in whom I much trust, that you together with God may be witness of that which, compelled by love, I am to do.' Then, in presence of the friar, who performed all the rights in the confessional, by words Romeo quickly married the beautiful girl; and having agreed to meet on the following night, they kissed but once, and separated from the friar: who, having replaced in the wall his grate, remained to confess other ladies.

The two lovers having become, as you have heard, secretly husband and wife, many nights of their love they happily enjoyed,



expecting in time to find means by which the father of the lady, whom they knew to be contrary to their wishes, might be appeased. And matters being thus, it happened that fortune, enemy of every earthly joy, scattering I know not what bad seed, caused to be revived between their families the now almost expired enmity, in such a manner that, turning things upside down, neither the Montagues yielding to the Capulets, nor the Capulets to the Montagues, they once encountered in the public street, where Romeo, combatting, and having regard to his lady, avoided striking any one of her family; yet many of his men being now wounded, and almost all driven from the street, overcome with anger, he ran upon Tybalt Capulet, who appeared the fiercest of his enemies, and at a single blow stretched him dead on the earth, and put the others to route, who were already terrified by his death. Romeo had been seen to strike Tybalt, so that the homicide could not be concealed: whence, the quarrel being brought before the Ruler, each of the Capulets cried out against Romeo alone; wherefore, by the court, he was banished forever from Verona.

Now of what heart, seeing these things, the miserable girl became, every maiden, who truly loves, can easily find out, by putting herself in her place. She wept so incessantly, that no one could console her; and her affliction was so much the more severe, as she dared not discover to any one her misfortune. On the other hand, to abandon her and to quit his country, sorely afflicted the young man; neither wishing on any account to depart without taking a tearful leave of her, and not being able to go to her house, he had recourse to the friar. By a servant of her father, very faithful to Romeo, she was informed that she must go to him, and she went. And both having entered the confessional, for a long time they there bewailed their afflictions. Yet at last, said she to him: 'What shall I do without you? I have not the heart to live longer; it would be better that I should go with you, wherever you go. I will cut off this hair, and will go behind you like a servant, and you cannot be better, or more faithfully served by others, than by me.' 'It would not please God, my dear soul, that when you go with me it should be in any other guise than as my wife,' said Romeo to her. 'But, because I am certain that matters cannot long remain as they are, and that peace must soon ensue between our friends, when I shall easily obtain pardon of the Ruler, I intend that you shall remain here some days, without my body, for my soul is ever with you. And even if things do not turn out as I plan, we will take some other means to live.' And this being arranged between them, having embraced a thousand times, they separated in tears; the lady praying him to remain as near her as possible, and not to go to Rome, or Florence, as he had said. A few days after, Romeo, who till then had been concealed in the monastery of Friar Lawrence, set out, and fled to Mantua, like one dead; having first told the servant of the lady immediately to inform the friar of whatsoever he should hear of him that concerned him at the house; and to faithfully perform every thing the girl commanded him, if he desired the remainder of the promised gift.

Romeo, having now set out many days, and the girl always appear-

ing tearful, which caused her great beauty to fail, was asked many times by her mother, who tenderly loved her, with flattering words, whence originated her tears — saying: ‘Oh my daughter, equally beloved by me with my life, what sorrow has for a short time afflicted you? Whence is it that you are not for a period without weeping? If perhaps you desire any thing, let it but be known to me, for in every thing lawful I will console you.’ Nevertheless, weak reasons were always rendered by the girl for such lamentations. Whence the mother thought that she desired a husband, which, concealed through fear or shame, produced her affliction. One day, thinking she sought the health of her child, and to avoid her death, she said to her husband: ‘My lord Antonio, I now see our girl weeping for many days, so that she is not, as you yourself may see, what she was. And although I have much inquired of her the occasion of her lamentation, I cannot draw from her whence it arises; neither can I myself say whence it proceeds, if not from a desire of being married, which, like a prudent girl, she would not dare make public. Wherefore, before she is more consumed, I should say, it would be well to give her a husband; as the ladies, when they advance beyond this, lose rather than increase their beauty. Beside, they are not merchandise, to be kept long in the house; although, in truth, I never knew Juliet in any act other than most virtuous. The dowry, I know, you prepared some days ago; let us take care, then, to provide a suitable husband.’ Sir Antonio answered, that it would be well to marry her; and commended much his daughter, who, having this desire, preferred rather to afflict herself, than to confide in him or her mother; and within a few days he began to negotiate the marriage with one of the counts of Lodrone.

And now, being near the conclusion, the mother, thinking to do very great pleasure to the girl, said to her: ‘Cheer up now, my daughter, for in a few days you shall be suitably married to a great gentleman, and the occasion of your lamentation will cease; the which, although you did not wish to tell me, yet by the grace of God I understood; and have so labored with your father, that you shall be gratified.’ At these words, the beautiful girl could not restrain her tears. Wherefore the mother said to her: ‘Do you suppose that I would tell you lies? Eight days will not pass, before you shall be the wife of a handsome knight, of the house of Lodrone.’ The girl at these words re-doubled her lamentation. Therefore the mother, flattering, said to her: ‘My daughter, are you not then contented?’ To whom she replied: ‘No, mother, I shall never be contented.’ At this the mother subjoined: ‘What, then, do you wish? Tell it me, for I am disposed to do any thing for you.’ Then said the girl: ‘I should wish to die, and nothing else.’

Upon this, madam Giovanna, (for thus was the mother named,) who was a wise woman, understood that her daughter was inflamed with love: and having answered her, I know not what, she left her. And in the evening, her husband having come, she related to him what the girl, weeping, had told her, which much displeased him; and he thought it would be well, before the engagement proceeded farther, to prevent falling into any shame, to learn her opinion in the matter. And having caused her, one day, to come before him, he

said to her : ' Juliet, (for this was the name of the young girl,) ' I am about to marry you nobly ; will you not be satisfied with it, daughter ? ' To whom the girl, having kept silence sometime, answered : ' My father, no ! — I shall not be contented. ' ' How ! do you wish, then, to enter the nunnery ? ' said the father. And she : ' My lord, I know not ; ' and tears accompanied her words. The father replied : ' This, I know, you do not wish. Give yourself, then, peace, for I intend to have you married to one of the counts of Lodrone. ' To this, the sorrowing girl, weeping much, answered : ' This may never be. ' Then Sir Antonio, much disturbed, threatened her very severely, if she dared to contradict his wishes ; and, moreover if she did not declare the occasion of her tears. And not being able to draw any thing from her but tears, discontented beyond measure, he left her with her mother Giovanna ; nor could he discover on whom her affections were fixed.

The girl had repeated to the servant of her father, who was acquainted with her love, and whose name was Peter, that which her mother had said to her, and sworn in his presence, that she would sooner take poison, than ever receive, although she could, any other than Romeo for her husband. Of which Peter had particularly informed Romeo, through the friar ; and he wrote to Juliet that on no account would he consent to her marriage, and to make their love less open : for, without any doubt, in eight or ten days he would find means to remove her from the house of her father. But my lord Antonio and madam Giovanna, not being able together to understand from their daughter, neither by flattery, nor by threats, the reason why she did not wish to marry ; neither by other means finding of whom she was enamored ; and madam Giovanna, having often said to her : ' See, my dearest daughter weep no more ; for a husband to your pleasure shall be given, even if you wished one of the Montagues, which I am certain you would not wish ; ' and Juliet never answering, but with sighs and tears, having become more anxious, they resolved to conclude as soon as possible the nuptials commenced between her and the count Lodrone. The girl, having heard this, became beyond measure afflicted ; and, not knowing what to do, desired death a thousand times a day. Yet she determined to make Friar Lawrence acquainted with her affliction, as a person in whom, next to Romeo, she trusted more than in any other, and whom she had heard from her lover could do great things. Wherefore, she said one day to madam Giovanna : ' My mother, I do not wish that you should wonder, if I do not tell you the occasion of my tears ; for I myself do not know it : but only, that I continually feel within myself so deep a melancholy, that not merely other things, but life itself seems grievous to me ; neither can I think whence it arises, to tell it to you or to my father ; if it does not come from some sin committed, of which I do not remember. And because the past confession pleased me much, I could wish, if you please, to re-confess me ; in order that at this passover in May, which is near, I may receive, in remedy for my griefs, the sweet medicine of the sacred body of our Lord. ' To whom madam Giovanna replied, that she was content. And two days after, having conducted her to St. Francis', she placed her before Friar Lawrence, whom she had first much besought to en-

deavor to find out the occasion of her tears in the confessional. The girl, when she sees her mother departed from her, immediately, in a sad voice, recounted to the friar all her affliction; and, by the love and strict amity there was, as she knew, between him and Romeo, she prayed him freely to aid her in this her greatest need. To whom the friar said: 'What can I do in this case, my daughter? — there being so great enmity between your family and that of your husband?' The sad girl said to him: 'Father, I know that you are acquainted with many rare things, and can aid me in a thousand ways, if you will; but if you will not do me any other pleasure, grant me at least this; I understand my nuptials are preparing at a palace of my father, which is two miles from this place, toward Mantua, where they will lead me, that I may have less boldness to refuse my new husband; and no sooner shall I be there, but he will arrive who is to espouse me: give me so much poison, that in a moment I may free myself from such affliction, and Romeo from so much shame; if not with greater outrage to myself and pain to him, I will crimson this knife in my own blood.'

Friar Lawrence, hearing her design to be thus, and thinking how much he yet was in the power of Romeo, who without doubt would become his enemy, if he did not provide for the case, thus said: 'See, Juliet, I confess, as you know, the half of this land, and am in good repute with each one; no will, nor pacification is made, at which I am not present; for which reason, I would not desire to run into any scandal, or that it should be known, that I have ever meddled with this business, for all the gold in the world. Yet, because I love Romeo and you, I will prepare to do a thing I never did for any other; so truly, when you promise ever to keep me concealed.' To whom the girl answered: 'Father, give me safely this poison, for never shall any one but I know it.' And he answered her: 'I will not give you poison, my daughter; for it would be too great a sin that you should die, so young and beautiful; but when you have the courage to do one thing that I shall tell you, I boast to conduct you in safety to your Romeo. You know that the tomb of your Capulets is situated without this church, in our cemetery. I will give you a powder, which, having drunk, for forty-eight hours more or less, you will sleep so soundly that no man, however great a physician he may be, will judge you otherwise than dead. You will be, without any doubt as if dead, buried in the said tomb; and when it is time, I will come and bring you out, and will put you in my cell, until I go to the chapter we are building at Mantua, which will be soon, whither I will conduct you, dressed in the habit of our order, to your husband. But, tell me, would you not fear the body of your cousin Tybalt, who was buried there but a short time since?' The girl, now quite cheerful, said to him: 'Father, if by such means I might arrive at Romeo, without fear I could desire to pass through hell.' 'Well then,' said he, 'since you are thus disposed, I am content to aid you; but before any thing is done, it would seem to me, that Romeo should receive from your hand the entire matter; in order that he may not run into any strange misfortune, through desperation, believing you dead; for I know that he loves you beyond bounds. I have conti-

nually friars who go to Mantua, where, as you know, he is. Allow me to have the letter, which I will send to him by trusty means. And having said this, the good friar, (without whose mediation we do not see any great thing conducted to a perfect end,) having left the girl in the confessional, went to his cell, and quickly returned to her with a little box of powder, and said : ' Take this powder, and whenever you think fit, drink it at the third or fourth hour of the night, without fear, with some cold water ; for about six, it will begin to operate, and without fail our design will succeed. But do not forget, however, to send me the letter, for it is of much importance.' Juliet, having received the powder, returned smiling to her mother, and said to her : ' Truly, my lady, friar Lawrence is the best confessor in the world. He has so comforted me, that I no longer remember my past sadness.' Madam Giovanna, through the cheerfulness of the girl, became less sad, and said to her : ' In good time, my daughter, I will cause him to be consoled by our alms ; for they are poor friars.' And thus speaking, they came to their house.

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S P R I N G .

## I.

Oh, thou bright and beautiful day,  
First bright day of the infant spring —  
Bringing the slumbering life into play,  
Giving the leaping bird his wing.

## II.

Thou art around me now in all thy hues,  
Thy robe of green and thy scented sweets ;  
In thy bursting buds, in thy blessing dews,  
In every form that my footstep meets.

## III.

I hear thy voice in the lark's clear note,  
In the cricket's chirp at the evening hour,  
In the zephyr's sighs that around me float,  
In the breathing bud, and the opening flow'r.

## IV.

I see thy forms o'er the parting earth,  
In the tender shoots of the grassy blade,  
In the thousand plants that spring to birth,  
On the valley's side in the home of shade.

## V.

I feel thy promise in all my veins —  
They bound with a feeling long suppress'd ;  
And, like a captive who bursts his chains,  
Leap the glad hopes in my heaving breast.

## VI.

There are life and joy in thy coming, Spring !  
Thou hast no tidings of gloom and death,  
But buds thou shakest from every wing,  
And sweets thou breathest with every breath.

## THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

ONE of the most striking characteristics of the present age, is the highly excitable state of the public mind. From the North-eastern boundary line to the Mexican gulf, from the Atlantic to the 'Far West,' there comes rumor after rumor of riot, insurrection, and tumult. A species of moral cholera seems every where prevailing; and no portion of our country is exempt from its visitation. The cold and calculating sons of New-England are now as readily lighted up into these out-breakings against order, as the hasty and inflammable spirits of the south. The passions of the populace are ever ready for explosion, and it matters not what is applied to the train — abolition, Grahamism, high prices of food, bank frauds, or gambling, any thing, in fact, is made use of by the people as an opportunity for taking the law into their own hands. They would be at once jurymen and executioners, legislators and judges, when laboring under a maddened excitement, that renders them wholly unfit for their assumed powers.

Though there have been riots among mankind, since they were first gathered into organized societies, and became nations, yet we do not recollect a period recorded in history when these 'uproars among the people' bore a similitude to the riots of the present day, either in their frequent recurrence, or in the peculiar character of their motive power. They were generally, both in ancient and modern times, the reaction of those natural rights of man, which had been forcibly kept down by tyranny and oppression; and these insurrections were either immediately checked by the strong arm of enthroned authority, or else became the glorious means of restoring the people to their rightful privileges. But among us, it is different. Our government acknowledges that 'all men are born free and equal,' and the people have neither the disposition nor the excuse to rise in rebellion against it, since they both feel and know the blessings it secures them. Our mobs are not *political*, though they are sometimes made use of by designing politicians; for we never see, even in the greatest excitement of party against party, one portion of the populace rising against those who differ from them in their opinions of public men and measures. In a philosophical sense, they may be termed *moral* ones, for the exciting cause is generally found to be some imaginary or real outrage upon the moral sense, or upon the honest but ignorant prejudices of the community. There is much truth in the remark of Bishop Porteus, that 'the mob may sometimes *think* right, but they always *act* wrong.' Either the supposed inefficiency of the laws, or an impatient unwillingness to await their slow decision, rouses the multitude into a determination to punish the offenders at once, and upon this rash resolve, they madly wreak their vengeance upon the original criminal, or upon any one whom they fancy to be in the least degree connected with him. Infuriated by their passions, they rush onward in the work of destruction, regardless alike of law, of justice, of reason, and of humanity. As in the first taste of blood, by the lion's cub, every drop that it takes makes it thirst for more, so it is with the mob's insatiate wrath, if



left to itself, it never can be glutted — it never says ‘it is enough,’ until every thing has become a prey to its vindictive spirit.

The rapidity with which this tendency to riots has spread throughout our country, and their frequent recurrence here, there, and every where in our land, is owing, in a great degree, to the encouragement given to them by the press, and by public opinion. The light and often commendatory notice given of Judge Lynch’s proceedings, when his sapient Judgeship happened to punish rightly, according to the opinion of the writer or speaker, has produced incalculable mischief through our wide-spread community. With these short-sighted individuals, the end justifies the means, and they thoughtlessly cast these fire-brand opinions about, saying, ‘Are we not in sport?’ But let such beware of this dangerous trifling, or they may enkindle a conflagration, which will bid defiance to the power of man to arrest, and whose flames may go fiercely onward, until it has involved our prosperity, our liberty, and our government, in one vast smouldering ruin.

However different may have been the exciting causes of these tumults among the people, yet the characteristics of a mob, when once roused into action, will ever be found similar. Take those of any age, and of any country, and we trace in their proceedings the same distinctive features. The history of one is in this respect the history of all, for its subject is human nature. It is the wild misrule of the fiercest passions of the multitude, gathered into fearful combination, and infuriated to insanity. They are for the time as incapable of exercising reason or judgment, as a band of maniacs; and it is this mental and moral derangement that invests them with a power so appalling. And it is also owing to this, that sound-judging legislators and humane magistrates have been forced to acknowledge, that nothing but the strong arm of power will be of any avail at such a crisis, and that in extreme cases, the severest measures are often the most merciful. Like drunkards when raging in ‘delirium tremens,’ they are not in a fit state to be counselled or reasoned with, and their acts of outrage have to be checked by force. Although public safety, and the necessity of preserving order, render strict procedures needful, yet there is not a patriot or philanthropist, whose heart does not bleed for the poor misguided populace, when thus excited to deeds of violence. The general good requires the punishment of the actors, but the responsibility of their crime hangs heavily upon their instigators. Sacred as well as profane history points to these leaders as the greatest criminals. The desire for the crucifixion of the Saviour sprung not spontaneously from the multitude, for they ‘esteemed Him a prophet,’ and would have taken Him ‘by force to make him a king.’ It was the wily ‘chief priests and the scribes’ who ‘persuaded the people,’ and ‘moved them’ to cry out ‘Crucify Him, crucify Him!’ It was these who stimulated the ignorant and thoughtless mob, until they thirsted for the blood of Him who had healed their sicknesses, borne their infirmities, and compassionated their sufferings.

While the mass of the people continue unenlightened, they will ever be passive instruments in the hands of those who study how to move them. In reason, they are children, but in their passions



they are men ; and it is through this dangerous medium that they are led on by their self-appointed rulers. We fear that the true friends of the people are comparatively but a small band. It seems the interest of all classes, and all parties, to keep them in ignorance, that they may be more easily swayed to suit their own purposes. It is as much the desire of the partisan politician to keep the crowd from judging for themselves, as it is that of the most despotic tyrant. The result, in making them do what they will, is the same in both cases, though the means which effect this are different ; for the one is gained by flattery, and the other by force. We have said that the friends of the people are few, and even these few stand aloof in shameful inaction, and leave them a helpless prey to crafty disorganizers, erroneous prejudices, and rabid infidelity. There is an alarming degree of power left in the hands of those who are both secretly and openly striving to corrupt the populace, by removing the only two restraining principles that can be felt in their unenlightened condition — the fear and regard for law — the belief in a God, and a future state. Should these be taken away, we may well tremble for our country, for the turbid and polluted waters of anarchy and vice will overwhelm it like a deluge.

To a calm and reflecting mind, an excited mob is an object of compassion, and the pious man will ever pray for the infuriated multitude as his Saviour did : ‘ Father forgive them, for they know not what they do ! ’ The first stirrings of tumult generally arise from some cause that to their minds appears a just one. They possess an intuitive sense of right and wrong, which having never been guided or enlightened by religion or by reason, can be easily misled by those who dazzle them by false lights, and bewilder them by sophistry. They have not judgment to sift the specious from the true ; they are prone to mistake appearances for reality, and thus to them the worse can be made to seem the better reason. They both see and feel instances of hardship and apparent injustice, and they are mischievously told that the power of redress is in their own hands, if they have but the courage to exert it. While writhing under the loss of their hard-earned savings, they see the men whom they think were instrumental in ruining them, still living in ease and opulence, and some evil designer whispers, ‘ Revenge ! ’ In the midst of their keen sufferings from want of employment, poverty, and scarcity of provisions, they are told that the exorbitant prices demanded for shelter, food, and fuel, are owing to ‘ combinations ’ and ‘ monopoly ’ among speculators, who are fattening upon the miseries of their fellows. They stop not to examine the *truth* of this statement, but give it full credence, and take summary vengeance upon the supposed offenders. They are thus lashed into fury, and imagine they can set all things right by violence and tumult. This course appears to them a ‘ justifiable expression of their feelings,’ for so mobs have been spoken of, again and again. They have never been taught, that all out-breakings against law and order are deserving of censure and punishment. No one has attempted to convince them, while they were in a fit state to be reasoned with, that they are enemies of their country, by thus draining off the force of the laws, and that by their throwing clogs upon the inferior machinery of government, they may stop

the mighty engine itself, and shatter it into dissolution. The people have teachers, it is true, but what are the lessons that are given them? Their subtle tutors wheedle them by flattery, and secure their confidence by avowing themselves the friends of liberty and of virtue. This gained, they assemble them in their 'halls of science,' and try to undermine their faith in God and revelation, and their respect for all laws, whether human or divine. In addition to this oral instruction, they have the mighty aid of the press, and pour out their publications daily, weekly, and monthly. These false teachers, these pretended friends of the people, have been unceasingly active in their unholy work. But what has been done by patriots or philanthropists to counteract their efforts? Has there been any thing like a strenuous, concerted action among these, to enlighten the public mind as to its true interests, and to bring it to a healthful state of feeling and action? Have they endeavored to prove to the people the sophistry and falsehood of those who are leading them into the bottomless pit of atheism, there to leave them groping in its chaotic darkness? If nothing has yet been done, then it is time for the true friends of the people to be up and be doing, for there is a great work before them. There has much been effected toward the moral reformation of the world, by exertions in the cause of Christianity and of education. But the work of which we speak is preparatory to both. One reason, perhaps, why missionaries among the heathen are more successful than those who labor among our own miserable and vicious poor, is, that the savage has never heard revealed religion derided as a fable, and its professors ridiculed as dotards, or censured as hypocrites. His ignorance and his natural sinfulness are the only obstacles to be overcome; but in our *civilized* community, there is a host of bitter prejudices, and gross errors, to be driven from the way, before the truths of Christianity can even gain a hearing. If it was thought needful, before the appearance of the Saviour, that 'Elias should first come,' 'to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready a people prepared for the Lord,' then may there not still be something that is requisite to open the way for the reception and diffusion of the truths of Revelation? This preparatory work is the enlightening of the public mind on the various obligations flowing from moral, social, and political relations. It is to exhibit in strong relief the misery and wretchedness that will necessarily flow from the misconduct of the people, as husbands, fathers, and citizens, and to show them that prosperity and happiness can only be expected in the faithful discharge of their duties in these several stations. It is to remove the existing prejudices against the religious portion of the community; to convince them that the hypocrisy of some professors, and the sinful acts of others, are no arguments against Christianity, and to bring before them simple yet striking evidences of the truth of the Holy Scriptures, in familiar and apt illustrations. The proper education of public opinion is yet to be accomplished.

The charge left by our venerated Washington, in his Farewell Address, needs still to be repeated, although forty years have passed since it was given. After having shown that 'religion and morality are indispensable supports to political prosperity,' and that it is to

religion alone that we can look for true morality, he then recommends the general diffusion of knowledge among *all* classes of the people, and afterward says : ' In proportion as the structure of government gives force to *public opinion*, it is essential that *public opinion should be enlightened*.'

By the enlightening of public opinion, the Father of his Country surely did not mean the education of children in the rudiments of learning. It was to the *education of men*, in their duties as members of the body politic. It was to teach them to think, and judge, and act, for themselves, that they might rightly use their privileges as freemen, and not ignorantly or heedlessly abuse those blessings which were bought by the blood of revolutionary patriots. The learning taught in the schools, and the education of books, are beneficial in their place ; yet these are not indispensable to a man's enlightened discharge of his duties as a citizen. A strong-minded, sound-judging man, educated by observation and thought, and deeply interested in his country's welfare, though he may be so unskilled in school-boy acquirements as to be unable to write his own name, or even read that of his chosen candidate, is yet far more capable of rightly using his privilege of voting, than the graduate of a college, who has circumnavigated the whole circle of the sciences, and is familiar with every written language, but who has never spent a thought upon the government of his country, or upon the requisite qualifications of its officers. The education of children is now becoming a subject of great and engrossing interest, and it is a noble cause for exertion. This is planting for the good of the coming generation ; but cannot something also be done for the present ? Is not the moral improvement of those who are now men and women, fathers and mothers, as binding on the lover of his country, and his kind, as that of children who are to become these in future ? Surely it must be. Even the cause of education would prosper more successfully, if the duty of enlightening the opinions of the parents received its due share of attention. Parental example and authority are powerful instruments in elevating or debasing the character of a child. And all efforts to benefit mankind should begin in the family circle, for *here* is the fountain-head of good and of evil. Contrast the influence of a teacher, however competent by his knowledge and wisdom, or venerated for his piety and benevolence, with that of the parent, the brothers and sisters. The few precepts given, and the few hours spent in a school, are but feeble restraints in checking the vicious tendencies wrought by the example of home, and fostered by its powerful and pervading influences.

Let the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, think of these things. Let them follow the example of those whom they must unite to oppose, in their perseverance, their activity, and their untiring effort. Let them enlist the press in their cause, and give the people line upon line, and precept upon precept—leading them gradually and pleasantly onward in the knowledge of their various duties, And surely the advantage of oral instruction and public addresses should not be left wholly in the possession of their opponents. Then let those who have studied human nature, and who are friendly to the true interests of their fellow creatures, search out and reflect upon

the best plans for enlightening public opinion, and diligently pursue those most suitable for promoting the desired end. To such, we take the liberty of suggesting a plan which was found eminently useful in a period strikingly similar, in many respects, to our own. Then as now, there were disaffection and rebellion against the laws, and murmurings and threatenings, riots and tumults, among the people, from the scarcity and high prices of provisions. There was also an active dissemination of infidel and disorganizing doctrines, written in a style to attract the poor, sold at low prices, and disseminated with incredible industry. This plan was, to 'fight these venders of anarchy and atheism with their own weapons,' and to establish by subscription, a kind of periodical issue of tracts, called 'The Cheap Repository,' in which three separate publications were produced every month, 'consisting of stories, ballads, and Sunday readings, written in a lively and popular manner, by way of counteraction to the poison continually flowing through the channel of vulgar, licentious, and seditious publications.'

The design succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of its projector and principal writer.\* Two millions of these publications were sold in the first year; and the good effects said to have proceeded from these tracts, would be almost beyond belief, were they not recorded in the letters of Bishop Porteus, and other equally celebrated characters of the time. Of one ballad called 'The Riot,' it is stated that it prevented a mob among the colliers near Bath, in which the mills were to be attacked, and the flour seized. And it is related of the 'Village Politics,' 'that it flew, with a rapidity which may appear incredible to those whose memories do not reach back to that period, into every part of the kingdom. Many thousands were sent by government to Scotland and Ireland. Numerous patriotic persons printed large editions, at their own expense, and in London alone many hundred thousands were soon circulated.' And this little publication is said to have 'wielded at will' the fierce democracy of England,' and to 'have tamed the tide of misguided opinion. And many persons of the soundest judgment went so far as to affirm, that it had essentially contributed, under Providence, to prevent a revolution.'

Although we are not so sanguine as to expect that any single publication would have the effect in 'wielding at will' an American populace, yet we are confident that much good might be wrought upon the public mind, by the circulation of tracts written to suit the times and the people, and illustrating, in a popular and attractive manner, the dangerous tendency of these frequent risings against law and good order, pointing out the mischiefs of disorganizing and infidel doctrines, and exciting a desire to be faithful as Christians, husbands, fathers, and patriots. To bring forward any effectual result, there must be combined, constant, and long-continued effort; there must be unwearied perseverance, and untiring activity. We have made the suggestion, and leave it in the hands of those who love their country and their countrymen, and are willing to labor in the good cause of *enlightening public opinion*.

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\* Miss HANNAH MORE.

## THE SUN: AN EXTRACT.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Thou lookest on the Earth, and lo! it smiles;  
 Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;  
 Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,  
 When through their heaven thy changing car is borne;  
 Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are shorn  
 Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;  
 All, that was once so beautiful, is torn  
 By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,  
 And in their maddening rush, the crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;  
 Life lingers, and would die, but thy return  
 Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow  
 Of all the power that brooded in the urn  
 Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn  
 All bands that would confine, and give to air  
 Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,  
 When on a dewy morn thou darrest there  
 Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine: and when the touch of Spring  
 Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light  
 They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing  
 Dashes the water, in his winding flight,  
 And leaves behind a wave that crinkles bright,  
 And widens outward to the pebbled shore:  
 The vales are thine, and when they wake from night,  
 The dews, that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er  
 Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine: they catch the newest beam,  
 And gladden in thy parting, where the wood  
 Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream  
 That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood  
 Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food  
 Of nations in its waters — so thy rays  
 Flow and give brighter tints than ever bud,  
 When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze  
 Of many twinkling gems, as every glossed bough plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift  
 Snows that have never wasted, in a sky  
 Which hath no stain; below, the storm may drift  
 In darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by,  
 Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie,  
 Dazzling but cold; thy farewell glance looks there;  
 And when below thy hues of beauty die,  
 Girt round them as a rosy belt, they bear  
 Into the high dark vault a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues  
 Are pencilled by thee: when thou bendest low,  
 Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues  
 Their waving folds with such a perfect glow  
 Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw  
 Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain  
 Hung round the verge of Heaven, that as a bow  
 Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain,  
 All tints to the deep gold that flashes in thy train.

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thine arch,  
 The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,  
 Where the spent storm is hasting on its march;  
 And there the glories of thy light combine,  
 And form with perfect curve a lifted line,  
 Striding the earth and air : man looks and tells  
 How Peace and Mercy in its beauty shine,  
 And how the heavenly messenger impels  
 Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

#### THE POETRY OF MOTION.

It is certainly not amiss, that Gray places the dance among the earliest offspring of harmony and beauty. The Talmudists, indeed, will have it, that Adam, in the transport which the first sight of Eve gave him, fell into a jig or rigadoun. So, at least, we have somewhere read — though certainly not in the Talmud itself, we confess. But the story smells strongly of that system of legends, which makes our great progenitor to have been, intuitively, acquainted with all the sciences, and the inventor of all the arts. In the same manner, he has been averred to have formed the alphabetic signs — first, *A* (broad) out of the exclamation of delight which escaped him, when he awoke from his dream, and found Eve at his side — then the thinner vowel, *E*, from her interjection, when he clasped her in his arms — then the still slenderer *I*, from the first squall with which Cain (his eldest-born) saluted the light — then the melancholy *O*, when Abel perished, all for the want of having a head as cudgel-proof as an Irishman's; and so on, of the rest. But, as to the dance, this Rabbinical history is suspicious. For though the earliest step of many young quadrupeds — as the lambkin, the fawn, the pig and the calf\* — seems to be a sort of native and voluntary *tripudium*, or *saltation*, yet dancing comes, with them, in this order, because they are incapable of music, the true source of that art, in its human guises. It is perhaps Prior's system, which best explains the origin of the dance. According to it, the soul, entering its future machine at the toes, displays its first movements in the kicking which agitates those parts. Afterward, it mounts into the legs and arms; between which, during the whole sojourn that it makes in them, there is so close and active a sympathy, that the latter cannot touch a tabor or a fiddle, but the former begin to leap and frisk.

Indeed, of dancing, in those grave old days, when men lived a thousand years, and life was a matter as much more serious as it was longer than now, we hear nothing. It is not set down among the inventions of that cunning artisan, the antediluvian blacksmith, Tubal-Cain. There is, to be sure, difficulty in supposing that any fresh species of wickedness is now permitted, which was unpractised at the time when heaven found it necessary to re-purify all mundane things, by a somewhat profound baptism. At any rate, we hear nothing of dancing-masters before the Flood: and from the fact, that Noah is

\* GRAY illustrates this :

'New-born flocks, in rustic dance,  
 Frisking ply their feeble feet.'



not said to have danced, even when he was tipsy, we are in a manner forced to conclude that this was not among the patriarch's accomplishments. Nevertheless, it is true again, that, as Learning is equally serviceable at explaining every thing, and straightway confounding whatever it explains, we must add that the invention of Wine has been held (*see* Bryant and others) to establish the identity of Noah with Bacchus; of whose worship dancing and theatric entertainments of all sorts were every where a main part.

Having thus, as to all higher authorities, tied the matter up into a very knotty doubt, we may now properly go on to say, that Lucian is of opinion that dancing goes back to the very birth-day of the creation. It was born, he thinks, with love itself; and the measured movement of the stars, their harmonious and balanced progression, their complex yet regular advance and retreat to that mighty tune which the spheres struck up, when the planets were first set in their orbs, was the beginning of the Ballet. Upon the same idea, Andreini, by a still bolder metaphor, in that poem on the Creation, which some have imagined to be the origin of *Paradise Lost*, makes the rainbow the great original fiddle-stick, that, with a flourish across the vast instrument of the constellations, sent the whole host of the skies a-reeling off, in that waltz which they have danced ever since. Certain it is, that astronomy and dancing were originally the same art. The Chaldean shepherds, who first observed the stars, are known to have imitated their movements in a solemn dance; by which, as with a sort of living orrery, they taught their pupils the celestial motions. From them, the science was transmitted, by the same means, to the Egyptians; who retained the astronomic quadrille, till, in the decline of their learning, both dancing and mathematics were extinguished together. Since then, broken from that early connexion in which art reflects such light upon art, the two sciences have, unhappily, been so far divorced as to become, in vulgar apprehension, the very antipodes of each other; and both have so declined, that philosophers now rarely excel in the dance, and dancing-masters are but seldom adepts in astronomy.\*

In Grecian fable, a like reverence for the dance attributed to it the same celestial origin. That respectable lady, Cybele, the common grandmother of the gods, is supposed to have been its foundress, upon occasion of the birth of Jupiter; whose infant cries were kept from reaching the ears of his child-devouring sire, the good Saturn, by means of the noisy dances of the Corybantes, the attendants and priests of the Bona Dea. The dance itself was a warlike one, of the Pyrrhic sort; and was trod to the sound of pipes, drums and fifes; the performers brandishing swords and javelins; with which, in the evolutions of the measure, they smote, in cadence, upon each others' bucklers; imitating the whole disorder, fury, and clangour of a battle.

Saved by this feminine device, the king of gods could scarcely fail, when he grew up to man's estate, to hold dancing in high esteem, and assiduously to practice it. He is accordingly spoken of, by more than one of the poets, as performing, featly enough, in the assemblies

\* It is singular that Mrs. SOMERVILLE, in her '*Connexion of the Physical Sciences*,' has totally overlooked this remarkable relationship.



of the skies. If King Jupiter thus footed it, we may be sure that the younger deities were little likely to disdain the gay and graceful science. We find, therefore, that Phœbus Apollo — that fiddler of the heathen heavens — was a main proficient in the 'mute poetry' of the limbs : that Mercury — that god of the feathery heels — was chief posture-maker of Olympus ; in which character, indeed, Shakespeare means to describe him, when he speaks of

‘ A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill :’

that the fierce divinity of Thrace, too, confessed, at times, the power of harmony,\* is certain, from what poets have said ; and that, so confessing it, he danced, is equally certain. Nay, his earliest education appears, from Bythinian legends, to have been in the dance ; for Juno placed him out, as soon as he could go alone, with her cousin Priapus, that he might, under the lessons of that shapely god, learn how a polite bow was to be made, or a ball-room to be entered with elegance. Thus it was, that it presently came to pass that the art of war sprang up ; born, like astronomy, of dancing : for it was by the aid of music, and of steps and evolutions, measured into regular and martial dances, that discipline was introduced into the wild disorder of ancient battle. Minerva, indeed, is by some said to have invented the Pyrrhic — the oldest of the Greek dances — upon occasion and in celebration of the overthrow of the Titans. Such is the mythological tale, through the dim outline of which, we can still pierce to the better truth it covers ; which is no less than this — that the invention of the dance, not after, but before the battle, gave victory to the gods, by lending their forces those well-ordered and firmly-compacted movements, which met and foiled the rude strength of their huge adversaries.

If the goddess of wisdom was not too solemn and high for the dance, we may be sure that she of chastity was not too pure. Virgil accordingly paints her as consummate in the dance :

‘ Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi  
Exercet Diana choros :’

Which Dryden has beautifully rendered :

‘ Such, on Eurotas’ banks or Cynthus’ height,  
Diana seems ; and so she charms the sight,  
When, in the dance, the graceful goddess leads  
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.’

We might pursue much farther the catalogue of these Olympian patrons of the dance ; and show that all the more cheerful and elegant deities — as Pan, Bacchus, the Muses, the Graces, the Hours, the Nymphs, the Naiades, the Fawns, the Dryades — all, in short, but the older and moroser personages of the sky — Saturn, Neptune, Fate, and the like, or Pluto and his sad companions of Hades, affected the dance. We have first, however, to do a little farther with

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\* ‘ On Thracia’s hills, the god of war  
Has checked the fury of his rapid car,  
And dropped his thirsty lance, at thy command.’

Mars. Of the warlike institutions of the Greeks and Romans, dancing evidently formed, in all the earlier times, an essential part. The Cretans — among whom, of the general Hellenic race, the earliest rise of the arts, of laws, and of arms, seems to have been — cultivated the dance, not only in the religious use to which we have already alluded, as connected with the worship of their first law-giver, Jove, but encouraged it, with a view to military purposes. Hence is it that, in the *Iliad*, we find Merion celebrated for that unequalled skill in the dance, which, by the perfect command of his limbs, gave address to his movements in the ranks, and enabled him to avoid, with ease, the stroke of an adversary. So, too, in the same war, the assistance of Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, and one of the supposed inventors of the Pyrrhic dance, was at last held indispensable to the success of the Grecian arms — doubtless because their imperfect strategy needed the aid of an able dancing-master. The Thessalians, indeed, (of whom, through his heroical father, Pyrrhus was sprung,) held the dance to be the chief martial accomplishment; insomuch that, upon the tombs of their warriors, no inscription was thought so honorable, as one which declared that

‘THE PEOPLE HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT TO ELATION,  
IN MEMORY OF HIS HAVING DANCED WELL IN THE BATTLE.’\*

The military system of the Lacedemonians was clearly founded by the twins of Leda; one of whom taught them the athletic exercises, and the other the management of the horse. It is equally clear that they instructed their countrymen in the dance; since that called the Carian (danced in the festivals of Diana,) is traced up to them. Helen, their sister, must have excelled in the dance: for it was at sight of her graceful performance of this exercise, that Theseus became enamored, and bore her off. Nor was her second *enlèvement*, at the tender age of sixty, by Paris, produced by any other cause than another exhibition of her charms, heightened by the same alluring art.

It was in skilfully seizing this early Spartan institution, and perfecting it by his laws, that Lycurgus founded that great and permanent polity, which he gave to the Lacedemonians. He saw that, to build up a mighty and warlike state, it was necessary that his city should dance. Every thing, therefore, in Lacedemon, whether in their public exercises, or in their religious festivals, in their sports or in their combats, was done to the measure of martial instruments. Their youth was bred up between arms and the dance — with an occasional interlude of stealing. To the sound of flutes, they wrestled, they leaped, they ran. Their very flagellations around the altar of Diana were laid on, to the Dorian mood of the same instrument; and to its grave and soothing cadences, they advanced to battle, singing their pæans of the charge, and treading a military dance, as they sang. To the spirit which these animating preludes

\* Barthelemi, speaking of them, says: ‘Ils ont tant de gout et d’estime pour l’exercice de la danse, qu’ils appliquent les termes de cet art aux usages les plus nobles. En certains endroits, les généraux ou les magistrats se nomment les *chefs de la danse*.’

‘They have such a taste and so much esteem for dancing, that they apply the terms of this art to the noblest things. In certain parts of their country, they give to their generals and magistrates names taken from the dance.’ *Anacharsis*.

It is Lucian whom Barthelemi follows here. *Pro orchestroi* is the title.

to the engagement spread through their ranks, Milton plainly attributes their irresistible valor: and if the other Greeks fought not so well, it was for no other reason than because they danced worse.\*

Let us here, however, to convey a juster image of the dance, in this, its earlier form, give the description of some of the armed dances, as left us by Xenophon, in his *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*. In the sixth book of that narrative, he relates, as follows, the festivities with which, upon the occasion of a truce with the Paphlagonians, his soldiery entertained visitors from the camp of their barbarian adversaries.

'As soon as the libations were over, and they had sung the Pæan, two Thracians rose up, and danced, with their arms, to the sound of the flute. They capered very high, and with great agility; and then engaged each other with their swords. At length, one of them dealt the other such a blow, that he seemed, to all who looked on, to have slain him outright; and the Paphlagonians cried out, in alarm. The stroke, however, was only fatal in appearance. The victor then despoiled of his arms the seeming slain, and departed, singing a song of triumph, in honor of Sitalus, one of the kings and heroes of Thrace. After this, other Thracians entered, and bore off the body of the vanquished man, in funeral procession.'

'Next certain Ænians and Magnesians came forward, and danced, in their arms, what is called the Carpaean dance; which is performed after the following manner: A dancer, quitting his weapons, begins to plough and sow the earth; but often looks behind him, like one in fear. Presently a robber approaches to assail him: he flies to his arms, and then, turning, disputes with the robber the possession of his oxen. All this passes to the sound of the flute. In the end, the robber overcomes and binds the ploughman, whom he leads away, captive, with his oxen. At other times, however, the rustic is victorious, fastens the vanquished robber to his oxen, and so drives him away, his hands tied behind him.'

'After this performance, Mysas appeared, holding a buckler in each hand, with which he danced like one engaged with two adversaries at once: then, varying his steps and action, he seemed to contend with but a single enemy. At another moment, he whirled himself about, with great rapidity; and then, casting himself headlong, he fell, in a surprising manner, upon his feet, without quitting either of his bucklers. Last of all, he danced a Persian dance, clashing his bucklers against each other, or falling upon his knees, and springing up again, with great lightness and address. During all this, he kept the justest time, to the flute.

'Him, certain of the Mantineans and other Arcadians succeeded. These, dressed in the handsomest armor they could obtain, came forward to the notes of a flute, that played a point of war. They sung the Pæan, and went through the dances that are used in solemn processions.

'The wonder of the Paphlagonians at all these performances was heightened, by seeing them done by men in armor. Mysas, perceiving this, induced one of the Arcadians, who possessed a female dancer, to let her be brought in. She accordingly came in, adorned with the best dress they could find for her, and equipped with a light buckler. She then danced the Pyrrhic, with great agility: whereupon there was much clapping, and the Paphlagonians asked, 'If the women charged along with the troops?' To which the others answered, that it was the women alone who repulsed the king from the camp. This was the end of that night's entertainment.'

Such were, in general, the dances of the heroic age of Greece; either grave and religious, or martial and athletic: such as priests

\* 'On they move,  
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised  
To highth of nobles temper heroes old,  
Arming for battle, and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valor breathed, firm and unmoved  
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat.'

*Paradise Lost, B. I.*

'Who shall awake the Spartan fife,  
And call again, with solemn sounds, to life  
The youth, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,  
At once the breath of Fear and Virtue shedding,  
Applauding valor loved of old to view?' *Collins.*

might practice, or warriors invent, or law-givers adopt. Of the particular sort which Orpheus taught the rocks, the woods, and their shaggy inhabitants; or of that like measure, to which Amphion drew the quarried stone and the brick about him, till they stood upon each others' heads, and formed a wall for Thebes, it is not so easy to speak. Certain it is, however, that all this could only have been accomplished by some step or fling, of which, among the degenerate dancing-masters of the present day, no memory nor trace is left. It was such dances as these, which the learned Cornelius desired to revive, in the philosophic education of his erudite son, when he was breeding him up to be the mirror of ancient and the wonder of modern times. But the illustrious Scaliger being dead, who alone could have served him for a dancing-master, the noble design seems to have been of necessity abandoned, through the sheer incompetency of any modern antiquarian to give even the slightest rudiments of the classic Calipody.\*

'Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her son to the like dangerous exercises for the future, proposed to send for a dancing-master, and to have him taught the Minuet and the Rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, (for Socrates said the best dancers were the best warriors,) but not these species of dancing which you mention. They are certainly corruptions of the Comic and Satyric Dance; which were utterly disliked by the sounder ancients. Martin shall learn the Tragic dance only; and I will send all over Europe, till I find an antiquary able to instruct him in the *Saltatio Pyrrhica*.' — *Memoirs of Scriblerus*.

Of the varied evolutions which made these early dances an image of the fight, (as they were intended to be,) a passage in Apuleius gives us a yet distincter notion. He draws us the following picture of one of them, in his *Golden Ass*: 'Youths and maidens, in the flower of their age, the shapeliest and fairest, and habited in sparkling robes, with graceful steps, to the Pyrrhic measure, and in a well-ordered band, moved through the seemly mazes of the dance, now bent into a ring, now with a sidelong and irregular advance, now formed into a wedge, and now bounding along, all apart.'<sup>†</sup>

But, to resume our historic deduction of the progress and prevalence of the art: that Theseus, the chief founder of the Athenian state, loved the dance, appears but too well, from his running off with the young danseuse of the Lacedemonian opera-house. An Attic dance, too, which imitated the windings of the labyrinth and the combat with the Minotaur, is traced to his invention. His brother-in-arms, the bold Pirithous, is the reputed author of another ballet, in which the fight of the Lapithæ and Centaurs was represented. A part of the performers no doubt went, in it, upon all fours. Or this may have been the occasion when hobby-horses, long after so popular in the spectacles of our English ancestors of the monkish times, were first introduced. We are told, at any event, that the

\* It is in the *Poetica* of this militant wit, that we find the following account of his dancing:

'Hanc Saltationem Pyrrhicam nos sæpe et diu, jussu Bonifacii patrum, coram divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.'

† 'Puelli, puellæque, virenti florentes ætula, formâ conspicui, vaste nitidi, incisus gratiosi, Græcanicam saltantes Pyrrhicam, dispositis ordinationibus, decoros ambitus inerrabant, nunc in orbem flexi, nunc in obliquam seriem connexi, nunc in quadrum cuneati, nunc inde separati.'

performance was highly complicated. The making four legs dance is, of course, double as difficult as the making two do it. That Solon knew the worth and dignity of the art, is apparent. In the first place, he was a poet; and poetry and music, like war, astronomy, religion, legislation, and the architecture of city walls, were yet identical with dancing. But farther, he was a member of the Areopagus — that admirable, grave, and, we may well say, divine old tribunal, in which the judges, when they gave their votes, advanced, majestically, to music, in a stately and solemn dance, to deposit their sentences in the ballot-box. Hence came, indeed, the very names of that renowned receptacle of concealed opinion: for *Ballot-box* is thus, after all, only a corruption of *Ballet-box*. Let him, who doubts our etymology, recur to those judicial festivals, which we are yet to describe, where ermined lords of the woollack shook the long curls of their full-bottomed wigs, and sergeants, counsellors, and the whole long-robe world hopped and footed it, in the solemn revels of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple.

If, from the legislators of Greece, we descend to her philosophers, we see that Socrates, the chief of whatever was best in their speculations, was not only the dance's apologist, but — though late in life — a proficient in it; seeking, under the instructions of the elegant Aspasia, to repair the neglect which his early education had suffered in this particular. Xenophon, from whom we receive the opinions of his master on this point, (see his Banquet of Socrates) was obviously an equal admirer of the exercise; and still the more, because he loved and taught the whole polity, discipline, and manners of the Spartans; of whose institutions the dance was, as we have already seen, so capital a part. As to Plato, that lofty idealist, who is usually said to have banished poetry from his perfect commonwealth, did the very contrary, as to the dance. For he will have it, that there shall, in his state, be dancing-schools; in order that, at these, the youth of either sex may learn a graceful demeanor, 'see and be seen.' Even thus does he speak, quite in the terms of a modern mother in the country, solicitous that her shame-faced progeny may learn to hold up their heads, turn out their toes, pinch themselves in coat-collars and stays, and be taught the mystery of shoes and stockings. Of the costume which the good Plato thought most befitting for these schools of grace and modesty, we forbear too minutely to speak.

Placed under all these influences of religion, of legislation, and of philosophy; and impelled, beside, by those of a glowing sky, modes of life the most graceful and picturesque, and a national imagination easily kindled by whatever was beautiful, the Athenians became, as to all that regarded either the popular or the dramatic dance, eminently the encouragers of the art. It was held not only worthy of the ingenuous and well-born; but to be ignorant of it, was accounted a species of reproach. So far was even the public practice of the art from drawing with it disgrace, that it implied, on the contrary, a reputation free from any legal stigma; and dancing became, somewhat as in Gulliver's court of Lilliput, an avenue to public honors and employments. Thus, in the time of Philip of Macedon, one of the ambassadors sent upon an important mission to that monarch was Aristodemus, a very distinguished dancer: and Demosthenes

complains, in more than one place, of the rival influence which the eloquence of the limbs had won, in the assembly of the people, for certain dancers. Nor, indeed — though he overlooked the fact, and historians less exact than ourselves have constantly passed it by — was this ascendancy of the dance unmerited in a commonwealth, whose liberties were, by it, *twice* saved — first, when, with swords concealed in garlands of myrtle, and dancing in the Panathenaic procession, Harmodius and Aristogiton contrived to approach so near the guarded person of the public usurper, as to be able to fall upon and slay him; and yet again, when, in the guise of dancing-girls, their faces concealed with chaplets of poplar leaves, Thrasybulus and his companions broke in upon the lewd revel of the Thirty Tyrants, and put them to death.

Of the Arcadian dances, and of the important part which they bore, in the institutions of that primitive people of the central Peloponesus, we cannot better give an account, than in the words of the younger Anacharsis: 'The rigors of their mountain climate give (says he) strength to their bodies, and a kindred rudeness to their minds. To soften this native ferocity, sages of a superior genius perceived that, in order to enlighten them, they must be approached through new sensations. They took care, therefore, to lead them into a taste for poetry, song, the dance, and festivals. Never did all the radiance of knowledge or reason work, in the manners, a revolution so prompt and general. Its effects have perpetuated themselves even down to our days; because the Arcadians have never ceased to cultivate the arts from which those effects arose.'

'Invited, every day, to sing, at their repasts, it would be held a shame, in any one, to be unacquainted with music; which, from their very childhood, they are all compelled to practice. The music of the Flute directs their steps and their evolutions, whether in the festival, or under arms. The magistrates, strongly persuaded that these humanizing arts can alone preserve the nation from the influence of the climate, cause annual assemblies of the young pupils to be held, and make them execute dances, in order that they may judge of their progress. The example of the Cynetheans justifies these precautions. This little tribe, placed in the northern part of Arcadia, in the midst of mountains and under an inclement sky, constantly refused to be seduced into these usages; and accordingly fell, at last, into so savage a ferocity, that their very name is never pronounced without dread.' — *Barthelemi, Ch. 52.*

Behold the true art of taming the savage, and leading him to civilization! Better than the lessons of an elevated faith, and of a morality far too refined for their condition: better than fire-arms; better than burning at the stake; better than blood-hounds; better even than the white-man's two great gifts of Gunpowder and Rum; this was what Bible Societies never thought of, and what missionaries could never have devised — unless, indeed, they had been, what they should have been — that is to say, dancing-masters. Teach the arms and legs first; and the head will learn by and by.

How well, in this particular, might modern truth turn scholar to ancient fable! Consider, for instance, the vast, the persevering attempts, reiterated with such a lavish expenditure of gold and of enthusiasm, to soften and to christianize rude nations: compare their methods and their success with the arts by which, when banished from the skies, the son of Latona tamed the savage herdsmen, among whom he found himself cast. Did he, with an aspect of vinegar, a voice like saw-filing, and the gesture of a pump-handle, preach to



them the renunciation of the few coarse delights, that made the only pleasures of a merely physical existence? No: he won them, first of all, to gentler enjoyments and more innocent occupations. Assembling them about him, with the music of his well-modulated pipe, he taught them to beguile, by new sensations, the intervals of their rude employments. He taught them to pipe, to sing, to form rustic dances in the shade, and presently rural festivals. By such amusements, he dispelled their native ferocity. Presently, he taught them agriculture; and so conducted them up to civilization, through all the gradations that lie between it and savage life. To effect all this, dancing was a far better instrument than the purest possible truth and religion. Return we, however, to our history.

Of the authority of dancing among the Thebans, we have sufficient evidence, in the fact that the illustrious Epaminondas — the noblest and the most accomplished citizen that state ever produced — excelled both in music and the dance. Hence the lustre to which his commonwealth rose, under him. At Delos, at Delphos, in the Eleusynian celebrations, in the Isthmian and in the Olympic games, the religious observances of the Greeks were every where adorned and made cheerful with the dance. At Athens, it formed even a part of the funeral honors, originally bestowed upon their princes, but which came, afterward, to be imitated in the obsequies of private citizens.

If, from Greece, we pass to Italy, we find the dance figuring there, too, in the foundation and the progress of institutions. Its simpler state marks the purity of their early manners; its period of excellence, their full refinement, about the time of Cicero and Augustus; and its corruption, under the emperors, the decay and ruin of the state. The martial dances of the Salian priests were instituted by the great Roman law-giver, Numa; who probably derived them, with many others of his political ideas, from the Etruscans. That great sage saw that, to form a well-ordered state, the dance was indispensable, and gave it, accordingly, an important place in his code.

Turn we now, once more, to the East, to that admirable Egyptian dance, in which manners were enforced, and the judgment of each citizen's entire life rendered, by the pantomimic performance which accompanied his funeral. In this, a skilful ballet-master (the Archimime,) personating the deceased in looks, in dress, and in carriage, represented, with rigorous impartiality, the main incidents of his life, and whatever was characteristic in it; and so held up, to the universal view, an image of the departed man, that formed a mute but expressive encomium or satire.

The dances of the Hebrews, we did not attempt to trace lower than the time of Noah. After him, there is a seeming interregnum of Jewish saltation. Abraham and his immediate progeny do not appear to have danced. They were a family, not a nation; and dancing, as we have already seen, belongs to the rise of social institutions, not to men yet unformed into a community. It is, accordingly, only at the separation of the Jews from the Egyptians that it makes its appearance. It then burst out, however, with extraordinary brilliancy. Our readers cannot, of course, have forgotten how, when Israel had safely passed the Red Sea, leaving 'Busiris and his Memphian chivalry' to flounder in the waves, Moses (as may be seen in the fifteenth

chapter of Exodus,) thundered out a triumphant song before the Lord, the whole people joining him, in chorus; while 'Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances.' This, it will be observed, was not only the earliest ballet upon record, but, though danced by an entire people, a strict impromptu; which shows how skilfully the Hebrews had learned, during their captivity, to take part in such performances. From this time till the setting up of the Golden Calf, Moses appears to have kept them, by dint of marching, somewhat too leg-weary for dancing. There, however, while he tarried in the mount, they took occasion to have a hop, in honor of the Golden Calf. This piece of idolatry, by-the-by, has always appeared to us far more innocent than it usually passes for having been. People who had been so long wandering, upon short commons, in a desert, were surely pardonable for reverting, with a too fond adoration, to the fat beef they had left behind them. But this is beside our present mark. Moses, however, had, of course, learnt all the dance of the Egyptians, in exploring (as he did) their sciences, of which it was the vehicle. His skill he transmitted to his successors, the Levites; who, upon all signal occasions of thanksgiving, invented and executed, in public, solemn dances. In one of these, we find King David, that friend of heaven, bearing distinguished part. For when the Ark of the Covenant was removed from the house of Obed-edom, to Teraits, 'David danced before the Lord, with all his might,' (II Samuel 6, 14.) Of this dance, a minute description may be found in some of the commentators. Dom Calmet makes it abundantly clear, that it was a perfect opera; the entertainment consisting of no less than seven different *corps de ballet*, who danced to the jews-harp, and all the other musical instruments known among the Hebrews. That the Psalms were originally composed for such occasions, and danced, as well as sung, all the more learned annotators agree. Nay, in the temples built by Onias, the high priest, at Jerusalem, Garisim and Alexandria, there was a part formed like a theatre; and here music and dancing were performed, with great pomp. This arrangement long subsisted in the Christian churches, and gave its name to what we still call the Choir.

Thus far, we have traced the dance only in its higher and purer forms. The less grateful, though still curious task remains, of exploring its corruptions and decline, with its accidental aspects, in different times and nations.

E. W. J.

#### LESSONS.

##### I.

How bright are the dew-drops, the tears of the night!  
They beam in morn's sunbeams like globules of light,  
They will melt into mist: bubbles brighter than they  
In the garden of life flee in vapor away.

##### II.

As the stream swiftly dashing through flower-chequered meadows,  
May repose in some pool that the willow o'ershadows,  
So the heart that in youth has through pleasure run riot,  
In the shadow of age, grows enamour'd of quiet.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Number Ninety-five: April. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY. New York: G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

A BETTER number of the *North American* — one more various and attractive for the general reader — has not come under our observation for many a quarter. There are nine reviews, or articles proper, together with several brief but well digested and discriminating critical notices of recent minor publications. Of some of the former, it is our purpose to take a cursory notice. The first paper is upon Drake's 'Biography and History of the Indians of North America, from its First Discovery to the Present Time: with an Account of their Antiquities, Manners and Customs, Religions and Laws.' As an able correspondent of this Magazine, fully conversant with the aboriginal history, if we may so term it, of this country, proposes soon to furnish a short series of brief articles upon this interesting subject, we shall dismiss the review under notice, with the remark, that it is prepared with great clearness of detail, touching upon the origin of the American Indians, their chiefs, character, monuments, fortifications, remains, etc., embracing, beside, an account of the southern aborigines, and a history of the origin of the late war in that quarter.

'American Forest Trees,' a review of BROWNE'S 'Sylva Americana,' constitutes the second article. The three divisions of the work — the structure and growth of trees generally, descriptions of the different species of the forest trees of this country, and observations on the rearing and management of trees — are separately treated, and in a way calculated to awaken and sustain attention, not more by the manner of the reviewer, than by the various knowledge which he evinces of the matter in hand. The information conveyed in relation to the white pine, white oak, sugar maple, and elm trees, of the American forests, is highly valuable as well as interesting. A graphic and spirited description of the processes of the lumbering business, in the immense pine regions of Maine, with some judicious and appropriate remarks in relation to the planting of forest trees, and the effect of scenery in exciting a love of country, worthily close this paper.

The two succeeding articles are, 'Modern French Poetry,' and 'Laborde's Journey in Arabia Petraea.' The first is evidently from the hand of one who has drank at the well-springs of the best modern poetical literature of France; and his translations from Lamartine and Béranger, declare not only the correctness of his taste, but his intimate acquaintance with the beauties, as well as the difficult idioms and involutions of the language. The paper on Arabia Petraea, being based upon a work kindred in character to one noticed elsewhere in this department, we pass, with a general acknowledgment of its interest and ability.

The most important of the different rail-roads, completed, in progress of completion, or contemplated, in the several states of the Union, are considered in article VI., a review of Poussin on American Rail-roads. The whole is a compendium of valuable facts, useful not less as a current record, than for future reference.

Cleverly off with his task has the writer come, be he who may, who penned the review of 'The great Metropolis.' The satire, though pointed and keen, is polished; while the language is easy and flowing, with a smack of 'Eliot's' felicity running through it. We subjoin a paragraph or two, in illustration of our ecomiums

"We have an affection for a great city. We feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and enjoy 'the sweet security of streets.' The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to us. We find sermons in the stones of side-walks. In the continuous sound of voices, and wheels, and footsteps, we hear 'the sad music of humanity.' We feel that life is not a dream, but an earnest reality; that the beings around us are not the insects of a day, but the pilgrims of an eternity; they are our fellow-creatures, each with his history of thousandfold occurrences, insignificant it may be to us, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small, that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach unto us the gospel of a great and good providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers, and wants, and passions, and deeds, preach this same gospel. He is the great evangelist. And though oftentimes, unconscious of his mission, or reluctant to fulfil it, he leads others astray, even then to the thoughtful mind he preaches. We are in love with Nature, and most of all with human nature. The face of man is a benediction to us. The greatest works of his handicraft delight us hardly less than the greatest works of Nature. They are 'the masterpieces of her own masterpiece.' Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please us evermore, for they conduct us into the fellowship of great minds. And thus our sympathies are with men, and streets, and city-gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles. And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, if we are wise, to 'look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as all in all, God, Creation, Virtue.'

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"Forty-five miles westward from the North Sea, in the lap of a broad and pleasant valley watered by the Thames, stands the Great Metropolis, as all the world knows. It comprises the City of London and its Liberties, with the City Liberties of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous villages of Middlesex and Surry. East and west, its greatest length is about eight miles; north and south, its greatest breadth about five: its circumference from twenty to thirty. Its population is estimated at two millions. The vast living tide goes thundering through its ten thousand streets in one unbroken roar. The noise of the great thoroughfares is deafening. But you step aside into a by-lane, and anon you emerge into little green squares half filled with sunshine, half with shade, where no sound of living thing is heard, save the voice of a bird or a child, and amid solitude and silence you gaze in wonder at the great trees 'growing in the heart of a brick-and-mortar wilderness.' Then there are the three parks, Hyde, Regent's, and St. James's, where you may lose yourself in green alleys, and dream you are in the country; Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and solemn cloisters, where with the quaint George Herbert you may think, that 'when the bells do chime, 't is angels' music;' and high above all, half hidden in smoke and vapor, rises the dome of St. Paul's.

"These are a few of the more striking features of London. More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Richmond Hill and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a rural silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for the first time, can hardly believe, that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks perhaps the coachman, what stream that is; and the coachman answers with a stare of wonder and pity, 'The *Tems* sir.' Pleasure boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water-lilies, on its bosom. On its banks are villages, and church-towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song,

'Insepulchres unheard and green.'

"In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along shore, and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the Borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps, with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro; and heavy-laden luggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into the moonlight like a leafless forest. A distant sound of music floats on the air; a harp, and a flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound; and lo! like a shooting star, a light comes gliding on. It is the signal lamp at the mast-head of a steam-vessel, that flits by, like a cloud above which glides a star. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices,—curses, laughter, and singing,—mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, 'the clashing and careering streams of life, hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity.' And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes—one, two. Far distant, from some belfry in the suburbs, comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then close at hand the great bell of St. Paul's, with a heavy, solemn sound—one, two. It is answered from Southwark; then at a distance like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapors of morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and house-tops, and seems to follow you with speed, as you float down the river, between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky, almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moonlight and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, toward which we are swiftly gliding; and dimly seen in the uncertain twilight, behind you rises

'A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
 Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping  
 In sight, then lost amid the forestry  
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
 On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy;  
 A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown  
 On a fool's head,—and there is London town.\*"

Talfourd's 'Ion' is reviewed in the eighth article, by one well qualified, by refined taste and an evident familiarity with the best Grecian models, to judge of the pure poetry of that delightful production. Such of our readers as may have thought the praise bestowed upon this fine intellectual creation, in a late number of this periodical, profuse and unmeasured, we beg leave to refer to the review in question. They will find our views sanctioned by a writer whose fortified encomiums they cannot gainsay.

'Massachusetts Common Schools' forms the leading topic of the ninth and last article. Incidental allusion, however, and at no little length, is had to sundry collateral themes—as the reputed aristocracy of New-England, New-England tyranny of opinion, bigotry, etc. In discussing the first of these branches, a correspondent of the *Knickerbocker* for October last is 'turned up for punishment.' We had marked for insertion that portion of the article which refers to this Magazine; but our space compels us to forgo this pleasure—a pleasure which our readers would share with us, for the whole is forcibly and pleasingly written. Suffice it, however, to say, that the assertions of our correspondent, that there is an aristocracy in New-England—a reverence for rank and title, respect for birth, family pride, etc.,—are explicitly denied. But what will the reviewer, who imputes entire ignorance of New-England character to his opponent, say, when he learns that he is a son of Massachusetts, born

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\* Don Juan, Canto X.

and educated, if we mistake not, within sound of the bells of Boston and Cambridge? For our own part, we honor New-England; and we have not been wanting, on occasion, as our readers well know, in the expression of this sentiment. Yet New-England is not *every thing* that is good; she does not stand alone, par excellence; she is not wholly *sans reproche*; and we cannot altogether applaud that sectional feeling, which would induce one of her sons, like the enthusiastic admirer of roast beef, who ate up the spit, to swallow every thing connected with her history and condition, as in all respects savory and palatable. It is this spirit which our offending contributor rebukes, in the annexed hasty response, which has been written and forwarded to us since the article in the *North American* met the writer's eye, but not in season for its appropriate place, in the department of original papers:

‘THERE were several causes which conspired to create a Republic, at the time these United States were born. One cause, and a prominent one, was the increased purity of the Christian Religion, which, when rightly embraced, places man on so high an elevation, that he cannot be a slave; he cannot compromise his conscience; he cannot swear allegiance to a king he does not respect, or worship and appear to countenance, a form of religion he is utterly averse to. The Christian Religion, in its purity, acts on the heart; in its corruptions, it acts chiefly on the outer man. In its purity, it enlightens man as to his own nature; it gives him new views of the earth and the land; it teaches him that he has a higher birth-right than territory and earthly glory. In proportion as these views gain ground, they diminish the blind love of country. It has been said that the Pilgrims had no idea of a republic. No; but they were led on by general principles that could not fail to establish one.

‘Another cause was the invention of Printing, which scattered thought in the world, and sowed seeds of knowledge, that brought forth, some an hundred fold, and some fifty. The FIFTY was love of liberty, which lies almost first in the strata of ideas that nature piles up in every man, ready for use, will he but take the trouble to examine this natural wealth, of which Thought is the treasurer. The two causes mentioned, combined with distance from the land of thrones, which left them free to act, gave birth to Freedom. A republic came up, emerged from the womb of Time, with irrepressible energy, as the strong plant shoots out of the earth, pushing aside the dross and dead weeds that would encumber it.

‘If republics are founded on such principles, to continue, they must adhere to all modifications of them. (Indulgent Reader, bear with us for a moment: we do not pretend to special sanctity; we do not intend to *stuff* you with assumptions and pretensions — but we mean what we say, and feel interested in this matter.) When it is time for a wide, free government to exist, it is time for men to cherish humble views of themselves, and kind feelings for others. A charity, a philanthropy, never so broad, must be the basis of a permanent republic. If all men govern, all men must agree to love each other in differences. What self-discipline, what watchfulness must *nurture* and *bring out* such liberality? What contentions with our selfishness and petty pride — what denial of the passions, and correction of prejudice, must precede such a result?

‘The enemies of liberty are still in doubt whether a republic can exist; and they excuse their doubts, by pointing to our stormy debates and violent animosities. They ground their hopes of our dissolution upon our sectional feeling. But in proportion as we become an intellectual people, so much is our faith assured. We include in intellectual feeling, religious feeling, which is the best prompter of thought, in all the operations of mind, running through them like a golden-sanded river; in plenty and



full flow, an ornament and glory, and in poverty and drought, unfolding hidden treasures. For liberty, being the gift of God, a gift that can only be claimed and enjoyed by Thought, every new thinker strengthens the ramparts against error, and lessens the danger of relapse, either from internal foes, or foreign invasion. But who is to be considered the intellectual man for this great purpose? Is a mere reader and collector of facts, the student of languages, the follower of abstruse science, such? Not necessarily. Though he have the gift of tongues, and though he understand mysteries, and have all faith, and have not charity, he is but a sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. The intellectual man for our purpose, must be one who, by some means, it matters not by what, has been raised into respect for himself—that is his nature—and for truth. Some may attain it by solitary thought, as they plough the land or the sea, without the aid of books. Some gain it by sorrow and bitter experience. Many have it written on their hearts by the pen of nature, ever drawing lines on the soul. We may remark here, that it is highly desirable that a distinction should be made between mere learning, or the improper application of learning, and sense. The world has been long enough under the influence of the opinions of men whose only claim to being heard, is, the knowing of something people in general do not know.

Indeed, it is true, that the great danger which threatens us, is a narrow sectional feeling—narrow in this age and in this country. It is natural that every man should love his home. The land of our birth, the haunts of childhood, the church in which we were christened, and the grave-yards where our friends and kindred lie buried—tender recollections! This is the by-play of the religious nature. Such thoughts purify us; they spiritualize us; and, if we do not grow maudlin, these very tendernesses invigorate to strong action, and put us in train to act nobly for others. But this is not sectional feeling. We will show you some of it. You will see a strong dash of it in the April number of the *North American Review*, art. ix. We speak of this periodical with a kind of educated respect. We read it before we understood it, as we did the Bible, because it looked so neat and good, and because, too, its fine periods charmed our musical ear. But all this only creates the more pain and surprise, that it should prove the very charges it would refute. The writer of the article referred to, seems to undertake to prove that New-England is all perfection; that nothing exists within her boundaries that should not; that all who dare to think to the contrary, are entitled to no sort of credit. If they entertain any views contrary to this imaginary perfection, they must either be the result of ignorance, malice, or of a head half crazed by unexpected good fortune at the west.

We would acknowledge that the article in question is written with a power and force that, at first view, would seem to disarm all objection. There is an aptness of style to the subject, a choice of facts and arguments, and a lofty forgiveness, a pitying kind of condescension, that if it were felt, must touch a heart of stone. There are appeals to this very sectional feeling, that works in the weak hearts of us all; and truth is so adroitly mingled up with error, that we confess we feel almost ashamed that we ever said, 'There is an aristocracy—a petty aristocracy—in New-England; a family pride, select circles, upper and lower class doctrine, at war with the spirit of our institutions, and the general advancement of that section in intelligence, manners, and refinement.' This is true. There are reasons for it. At the time of the revolution, that an aristocracy existed, no one doubts. Principles may change; habits are not so easy of eradication. In a single hour or minute, a man may be convinced that he is wrong, and it may take him years to conform his conduct to his principles. In New-England, unfortunately for that region, and the safety of republican principles,

and in all the eastern states, vestiges of this aristocracy exist. Virginia is notorious for old families, who are as stately and exclusive as the large family coach-horses. If the thralldom of habit is true in individuals, much more is it true in communities, which are slower in their movements and reforms. Beside, prosperous communities are constantly tending to aristocracies. The wealthy, in the acquisition of their fortunes, have lost sight, been dazzled out of sight, of the common things of earth; they have grown proud and exclusive, by the sight of the servility and poverty which serves them; they have been pushed and flattered into self-consequence, by the designing and wary, for their own purposes. Behold an aristocracy! — men unmindful of the public wants, their own political duty, and insensible to all impressions, but those of their own grandeur and importance.

‘But eastern people read. The literature of England has been the food for this people. The female mind, which has so much to do with the laws of society, has been crammed with the fashionable novels of England. Can these things be without their effect? Why, we ask, is Miss Sedgwick’s ‘Poor Rich Man, and Rich Poor Man’ so much read and caressed? Because it is a novelty, a curiosity. It is because it is written in a republican spirit. We are surprised to find high virtue, noble generosity, and fervent piety, in a cartman. So little do our fashionables and aristocrats know of this class of people, by any actual contact or interchange of sentiment with them, that the book is almost as popular with them as the story of the Brobagnags and Lilliputians used to be with children. Then the poor and the hard working *have* sentiments, and feel affection and pity, and they show principle, and manly virtue! How new and delightful! And then what a dear, delightful, nice little place they lived in; and how delightful to be poor and good; and Aunt Lottie — dear, good soul — what a pity she was sick!’ etc. And this is the slang of admiration.

‘Happy would it have been for our country, if such books had formed a larger part of the reading of our children. We have many ‘poor rich men,’ whose influence is deadly to our principles; and they, for the most part, constitute the accused aristocrats. We have many ‘rich poor men,’ whose influence and example saves us from the corruptions of wealth and luxury. Happy is the American author, who has so richly benefitted her country in a production which breathes the true spirit of republican freedom and manly independence.

‘But farther, our writer places great reliance in his public school system, and says some very pretty things here about their levelling character, at the same time that he shows in his statistics, that 146,539 boys and girls are educated at the public schools at an expense of \$439,587,40, while 28,752 boys and girls are educated at private schools, at an expense of \$326,642,56. What, we ask, levels down these 28,762 boys and girls? — or by what process are the former levelled up to these latter favored sons and daughters of wealth? Our own impression is, (for we boast, with the rest of the world, respectable parentage, now for the sake of the argument,) that it was considered a kind of disgrace to go to the public school. Not in Boston, for the public Latin School educates many of the sons of the rich for college, and contains as many incipient aristocrats as any school in the country. From these combined causes, the example and habits of her ancestry, her literature and system of private instruction, we think we find causes for wide distinctions in society. But then we only take these as collateral evidence to our senses, which show such to be the truth. We do not say these causes do not exist in other parts of our country. There is undoubtedly the greatest inconsistency in the political views and conduct of many American

citizens. We doubt not but thousands are in our midst, who, not from design, but from criminal negligence, suffer themselves to be carried along by their passions, their pride, their vanity, and love of show, in direct opposition to the good of their country. We think many such are to be found in New-England — men who are placed above all want, by the circumstances they were born to, who care nothing for the country, and know little or nothing about its interests. Many may be found in any old state. New-York, as a state, possesses comparatively few such. She is new and modern, and purer of this vice in her population.

‘But perhaps the writer in the North American does not go much into society himself. Perhaps he prefers seclusion. Men who write as he does, do not have large circles of acquaintances. They cannot stand it; it is too wearisome to their taste. Perhaps he has only mingled with the really intellectual, and refined, and is so well content with his condition, that he thinks all is right about him. He knows well enough what New-England and all our country ought to be, and he hopes it is so. In order to see whether things are level or not, we must take sight, and neither look from a lower nor a higher station. He, we are convinced, has not brought himself to the proper level of observation.

‘We are not concerned to wage war with the stately North American Review. We only wish to protect ourselves in our opinions. We honor and respect New-England. We are alive to all her virtues and privileges. We love to look at her monuments, and to listen to her divines, her poets, and her statesmen. But we do not love her aristocracy; we do not love her sectional feeling; and most of all do we regret to see this weakness and vice fostered and cherished by the leading periodical of our country.

‘If we have been unjust to New-England, we heartily regret it. We supposed we might, though born there, point out her faults, and commend her virtues. We still suppose she is fallible. We still suppose she is lacking in attention to her political interest. We suppose, too, that the North American Review is far from being the voice of the people in New-England. We suppose that many of the writers in that periodical are men who deal with the people more in theory than in practice. Its articles come oftener from the cloister than the exchange, and the opinions expressed are perhaps drawn more from books than from observation.

‘But to return to our subject. This local sectional feeling is the supporter of existing abuses, all the world over. It may have been necessary, as a step in civilization, as we can hardly imagine a migratory civilized nation. Strong local attachments, first induced by necessity or convenience, kept men in one spot, and urged all exertion for its improvement and adorning, until it was loved, for bearing upon its surface marks of its possessors. Each new generation was held by the old ties transmitted to them, and by new ones of their own creating. This love of place and institutions has supported despotisms, and love more than fear has borne with the oppressions of a tyrant. This feeling stands but poorly in the place of religious principle, and philosophical regard. Loyalty no longer claims our respect, when it is an argument against conscience and truth. The richest legacy the past has left us are the names of those who, for truth’s sake, have perished on the scaffold, while the base politician can find patterns to rise by, in those who have been raised to a disgraceful prosperity by sins against reason, conscience, and God.’ J. N. B.

AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE. BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING. With a copious Appendix. pp. 119. Boston: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, and SAMUEL COLMAN.

WE confess, that so much has been written upon the subject of temperance—so much that is itself either intemperate, or over-colored with the hues of a distorted or extravagant imagination—that we have come at last to take up a pamphlet or volume upon this theme, with a feeling of strong disrelish—expecting full surely to meet hackneyed pictures of pecuniary distress and brutal treatment, or exaggerated statistics, setting forth to a gill the amount of spirituous liquors drank in the United States—to a man the sufferers from such consumption—and the exact number of miles of dollars, in a straight line, which might be laid, of the money expended in habitual and vicious indulgence in inebriating fluids. There has been no topic upon which literary or clerical mediocres have more frequently enlarged, than that of temperance exhibiting, in that capacity wherein most easily they ‘expand and burgeon,’ but one solitary merit—namely, that of not intruding upon their readers or hearers a single original idea, save, it may be, an original exaggeration.

But the address before us is quite a different affair, from the ordinary temperance efforts of the day. Dr. Channing has not dwelt, at tedious length, upon the secondary evils of intemperance, but has searched the depths of its causes, and set forth the remedies which it demands. In considering the voluntary extinction of reason as the great essential evil of this vice, the writer has the following passages:

“It is to be desired, when a man lifts a suicidal arm against his highest life, when he quenches reason and conscience, that he and all others should receive solemn, startling warning of the greatness of his guilt; that terrible outward calamities should bear witness to the inward ruin which he is working; that the hand writing of judgment and woe on his countenance, form, and whole condition, should declare what a fearful thing it is for a man, God’s rational offspring, to renounce his reason and become a brute. It is common for those who argue against intemperance, to describe the bloated countenance of the drunkard, now flushed and now deadly pale. They describe his trembling, palsied limbs. They describe his waning prosperity, his poverty, his despair. They describe his desolate, cheerless home, his cold hearth, his scanty board, his heart-broken wife, the squalidness of his children; and we groan in spirit over the sad recital. But it is right, that all this should be. It is right, that he, who, forewarned, puts out the lights of understanding and conscience within him, who abandons his rank among God’s rational creatures, and takes his place among brutes, should stand a monument of wrath among his fellows; should be a teacher wherever he is seen, a teacher, in every look and motion, of the awful guilt of destroying reason. Were we so constituted, that reason could be extinguished, and the countenance retain its freshness, the form its grace, the body its vigor, the outward condition its prosperity, and no striking change be seen in one’s home, so far from being gainers, we should lose some testimonies of God’s parental care. His care and goodness, as well as his justice, are manifested in the fearful mark he has set on the drunkard, in the blight which falls on all the drunkard’s joys. These outward evils, dreadful as they seem, are but faint types of the ruin within. We should see in them God’s respect to his own image in the soul, his parental warnings against the crime of quenching the intellectual and moral life.”

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“Among the evils of intemperance, much importance is given to the poverty of which it is the cause. But this evil, great as it is, is yet light in comparison with the essential evil of intemperance, which I am so anxious to place distinctly before you. What matters it that a man be poor, if he carry into his poverty the spirit, energy, reason, and virtues of a Man? What matters it that a man must, for a few years live on bread and water? How many of the richest are reduced by disease to a worse condition than this? Honest, virtuous, noble-minded poverty is a comparatively light evil. The ancient philosopher chose it as the condition of virtue. It has been the lot of many a Christian. The poverty of the intemperate man owes its great misery to its cause. He who makes himself a beggar, by having made himself a brute, is miserable indeed. He who has no solace, who has only agonizing recollections and

harrowing remorse, as he looks on his cold hearth, his scanty table, his ragged children, has indeed to bear a crushing weight of wo. That he suffers, is a light thing. That he has brought on himself this suffering by the voluntary extinction of his reason, this is the terrible thought, the intolerable curse."

After showing the extent of temptations to intemperance—that the young, the idle, the over-worked laborer, the man of genius and sensibility, and even woman, with her delicate physical organization and sensitive frame, are peculiarly exposed—the writer observes:

"Do not say, that I exaggerate your exposure to intemperance. Let no man say, when he thinks of the drunkard, broken in health and spoiled of intellect, 'I can never so fall.' He thought as little of falling in his earlier years. The promise of his youth was as bright as yours; and even after he began his downward course, he was as unsuspecting as the firmest around him, and would have repelled as indignantly the admonition to beware of intemperance. The danger of this vice lies in its almost imperceptible approach. Few who perish by it know its first accessions. Youth does not see or suspect drunkenness in the sparkling beverage, which quickens all its susceptibilities of joy. The invalid does not see it in the cordial, which his physician prescribes, and which gives new tone to his debilitated organs. The man of thought and genius detects no palsying poison in the draught, which seems a spring of inspiration to intellect and imagination. The lover of social pleasure little dreams, that the glass which animates conversation will ever be drunk in solitude, and will sink him too low for the intercourse in which he now delights. Intemperance comes with noiseless step and binds its first cords with a touch too light to be felt. This truth of mournful experience should be treasured up by us all, and should influence the habits and arrangements of domestic and social life in every class of the community."

The force of pernicious example, in the undue indulgence in sensual luxury by those who occupy the higher places of society, is well illustrated, and the want of self-respect induced among the laboring poor, by making mere wealth the object of worship, and the measure of a man's *worth*, happily exemplified in the succeeding paragraphs.

In discussing the measures most likely to arrest the causes of intemperance, the most important are considered to be, the putting in action among the poor the means of intellectual, moral, and religious improvement—the cultivation of a more fraternal intercourse than now exists between the more and less improved portions of the community—the spreading of a higher education among the lower classes, and a general system of ministry to the poor. The evils of too much labor, and the absence of means of innocent pleasure, are well enforced and pointed out. In relation to the latter, Dr. Channing justly remarks:

"I have said, a people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. By innocent pleasures I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting the system; such as recur frequently, rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and in spirit; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with and are favorable to a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness, that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy, as well as to labor; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. France, especially before the revolution, has been represented as a singularly temperate country; a fact to be explained, at least in part by the constitutional cheerfulness of that people, and by the prevalence of simple and innocent gratifications, especially among the peasantry. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful commu-

nity. A gloomy state of society, in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness, if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess, because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried, because, in losing the consciousness of his condition and his existence, he loses little which he wishes to retain. The laboring classes are most exposed to intemperance, because they have at present few other pleasurable excitements. A man, who, after toil has resources of blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of a man, to take up with those of a brute. Thus the encouragement of simple, innocent enjoyments is an important means of temperance."

Among these enjoyments, the writer classes the accomplishments and amusements of music, dancing, not at balls but in the private circle, recitations from works of genius and taste, etc.

We commend this Address to our readers, as every way worthy the literary and moral reputation of its accomplished author — and higher praise we could not yield it.

NEW-YORK REVIEW AND CHURCH QUARTERLY JOURNAL. Number One. pp. 250.  
New-York: GEORGE W. HOLLEY.

NEW-YORK will have good reason to be proud of this Quarterly, should the succeeding numbers fulfil the promise of the one before us. The editorial supervision of the work is confided to the Rev. C. S. HENRY, late of Bristol College, Penn., — a ripe scholar, possessing a mind of much fertility and force, and replete with various erudition. For reasons elsewhere stated, our notice of the work must be rather *indical* than full, or analytic.

The first article is upon Professor TUCKER's Life of Jefferson. It is decidedly of the tomahawk and scalping-knife school; yet the weapons wear a beautiful polish, the hand of the operator is untremulous, and his course is 'due on.' The author of the volumes under review will find the subject of his labors represented as an enemy to religion, 'compassing sea and land to make proselytes' to his political and religious faith; as childishly sensitive to public opinion, however indifferently evinced; as possessed of an ardent self-love, and a vain-glorious spirit of boasting; as one insincere and unfaithful in his friendships, and actuated by sinister purposes; with a personal courage something this side of the heroic; and a mind visionary, deficient in originality, and remarkable rather for its activity than its accuracy — lacking mental discipline, logical precision, and the power of nice discrimination. His claim to the authorship of the Declaration of Independence is disputed — his labors in that world-renowned production being alleged to have been plagiarised from the Mecklenburgh (N. C.) Declaration of Independence, and the Virginia Declaration of Rights. The end of this article is not yet. It will create a wide sensation — possibly crimination and recrimination.

*Utilitarianism* is the subject of the next article, in which the systems of Bentham and Paley are discussed with appropriate earnestness and force of deprecation. The review of Cox's life of Fletcher of Madeley we have not found leisure to peruse; not so, however, with that of Crabbe's Poetical Works, which is characterized by a true sense of the worth and beauty of that — in some respects — second Goldsmith. A synopsis of the poet's early history is given, to illustrate the spirit of nature which pervades his works, the religious tendency of which is also made manifest, and the author defended from the charge sometimes brought against him of being an imitator of Pope. The



description of poetry with which this article concludes, is truly beautiful. 'Affiliation of Languages' is from the hand of an accomplished scholar, and evinces much labor and patient research. Chalmers's *Natural Theology* affords the basis of the succeeding article, which is both polemical and analytical. A lofty and liberal tone pervades the article grounded upon GODDARD's Address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Rhode Island, which inculcates the value of a profound study of works of creative art, in reference to religious cultivation. 'Pastoral Visiting' is a review of three religious works, germane to the title, breathing the spirit of active, practical christianity, and 'good will toward men.' The notice of the 'Memorials of Mrs. HEMANS' proceeds from the pen of one who appreciates the beauties, and has a heart to feel the depth and tenderness of the poetry of that departed daughter of genius, now an angel of light. Too much importance is, we think, given to 'Discoveries in Light and Vision,' by a review, if it be, in reality, a work of 'bare assertions and inadequate investigations, proceeding from a *pseudo* philosopher of the second sex.' Combe's *Moral Philosophy* is the text for a satirical and hot attack upon phrenology. The writer admits, however, that Combe deserves praise for having pointed out to young ladies and gentlemen a new method of courtship, which is warranted to prevent all incongruous and discordant matches, and for recommending houses of refuge, in which children with bad heads can be placed, and treated on phrenological principles! He shows, also, says the reviewer, that 'phrenology is the only science which can account adequately for the origin of society or of civil government—for the variety of occupations among mankind, and for gradations in rank!'

Several brief but discriminating and judicious analytical and critical notices close the number. To these will be hereafter added a quarterly record of ecclesiastical and literary intelligence.

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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, AND THE HOLY LAND. By an American. With a Map and Engravings. Two volumes 12mo. pp. 615. New York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

We have perused these volumes with unmixed gratification. The novelty, for the most part, of scene and incident, and the vivid and evidently faithful descriptions, united to a style equally clear from exaggeration and affectation, are qualities which will cause every reader of the work greatly to fructify by its contents. The route pursued by the author is comparatively new to the American reader—that through the land of Edom, especially, being, as we learn from the preface, even at this day, entirely new. The writer observes, in his introduction, that his pages have been compiled from brief notes and recollections; that he has presented things as they struck his mind, without any deep speculations upon the rise and fall of empires, or much detail in regard to ruins—his object having been, as the title of the book imports, 'to give a narrative of every day incidents that occur to a traveller in the East, and to present to his countrymen, in the midst of the hurry, and bustle, and life, and energy, and daily-developing strength and resources of the New, a picture of the widely-different scenes that are now passing in the faded and worn-out kingdoms of the Old World.' In this object he has eminently succeeded; and we proceed at once to select from numerous marked passages, abundant proofs of our author's

ability, commencing with a better description of the external appearance of the Egyptian pyramids than we have elsewhere seen :

"Standing alone on an elevated mountainous range on the edge of the desert, without any object with which to compare them, the immense size of the pyramids did not strike me with full force. Arrived at the banks of a stream, twenty Arabs, more than half naked, and most of them blind of an eye, came running towards me, dashed through the stream, and pulling, hauling, and scuffling at each other, all laid hold of me to carry me over. All seemed bent upon having something to do with me, even if they carried me over piece-meal; but I selected two of the strongest, with little more than one eye between them, and keeping the rest off as well as I could, was borne over dryshod. Approaching, the three great pyramids and one small one are in view, towering higher and higher above the plain. I thought I was just upon them, and that I could almost touch them; yet I was more than a mile distant; the nearer I approached, the more their gigantic dimensions grew upon me, until, when I actually reached them, rode up to the first layer of stones, and saw how very small I was, and looked up their sloping sides to the lofty summits, they seemed to have grown to the size of mountains.

"The base of the great pyramid is about eight hundred feet square, covering a surface of about eleven acres, according to the best measurement, and four hundred and sixty-one feet high; or, to give a clearer idea, starting from a base as large as Washington Parade ground, it rises to a tapering point nearly three times as high as Trinity Church steeple. Even as I walked around it, and looked up at it from the base, I did not feel its immensity until I commenced ascending; then, having climbed some distance up, when I stopped to breathe and looked down upon my friend below, who was dwindled to insect size, and then up at the great distance between me and the summit, then I realized in all their force the huge dimensions of this giant work. It took me twenty minutes to mount to the summit; about the same time that it had required to mount the cones of Etna and Vesuvius. The ascent is not particularly difficult, at least with the assistance of the Arabs. There are two hundred and six tiers of stone, from one to four feet in height, each two or three feet smaller than the one below, making what are called the steps. Very often the steps were so high that I could not reach them with my feet. Indeed, for the most part, I was obliged to climb with my knees, deriving great assistance from the step which one Arab made for me with his knee, and the helping hand of another above.

It is not what it once was to go to the pyramids. They have become regular lions for the multitude of travellers; but still, common as the journey has become, no man can stand on the top of the great pyramid of Cheops, and look out upon the dark mountains of Mokattam bordering upon the Arabian desert, upon the ancient city of the Pharaohs, its domes, its mosques and minarets, glittering in the light of a vertical sun—upon the rich valley of the Nile, and the "river of Egypt" rolling at his feet—the long range of pyramids and tombs extending along the edge of the desert to the ruined city of Memphis, and the boundless and eternal sands of Africa, without considering that moment an epoch not to be forgotten. Thousands of years roll through his mind, and thought recalls the men who built them, their mysterious uses, the poets, historians, philosophers, and warriors who have gazed upon them with wonder like his own."

In a very interesting account of Thebes, its ruined temples, tombs, etc., we find the annexed passage, which will afford pleasing intelligence to the proprietors of museums in this country. The mummy trade has been brisk of late years; and a patriotic American, at the West, in view of the increasing demand, lately announced, that he could furnish a domestic article, little inferior to the best Egyptian product :

"The rambler among the ruins of Thebes will often ask himself, 'Where are the palaces of the kings, and princes, and people who worshipped in these mighty temples?' With the devout though degraded spirit of religion that possessed the Egyptians, they seem to have paid but little regard to their earthly habitations; their temples and their tombs were the principal objects that engrossed the thoughts of this extraordinary people. It has been well said of them that they regarded the habitations of the living merely as temporary resting-places, while the tombs are regarded as permanent and eternal mansions; and while not a vestige of a habitation is to be seen, the tombs remain, monuments of splendor and magnificence, perhaps even more wonderful than the ruins of their temples. Clinging to the cherished doctrine of the metempsychosis, the immortal part, on quitting its earthly tenement, was supposed to become a wandering, migratory spirit, giving life and vitality to some

bird of the air, some beast of the field, or some fish of the sea, waiting for a regeneration in the natural body. And it was of the very essence of this faith to inculcate a pious regard for the security and preservation of the dead. The whole mountain-side on the western bank of the river is one vast Necropolis. The open doors of tombs are seen in long ranges and at different elevations, and on the plain large pits have been opened, in which have been found a thousand mummies at a time. For many years, and until a late order of the pacha preventing it, the Arabs have been in the habit of rifling the tombs to sell the mummies to travellers. Thousands have been torn from the places where pious hands had laid them, and the bones meet the traveller at every step. The Arabs use the mummy-cases for firewood, the bituminous matters used in the embalment being well adapted to ignition; and the epicurean traveller may cook his breakfast with the coffin of a king. Notwithstanding the depredations that have been committed, the mummies that have been taken away and scattered all over the world, those that have been burnt, and others that now remain in fragments around the tombs, the numbers yet undisturbed are no doubt infinitely greater; for the practice of embalming is known to have existed from the earliest periods recorded in the history of Egypt; and, by a rough computation, founded upon the age, the population of the city, and the average duration of human life, it is supposed that there are from eight to ten millions of mummied bodies in the vast Necropolis of Thebes."

We find the following in a description of a visit to the interior of a pyramid at Memphis:

"From hence it was but a short distance to the catacombs of birds; a small opening in the side of a rock leads to an excavated chamber, in the centre of which there is a square pit or well. Descending the pit by bracing our arms, and putting our toes in little holes in the side, we reached the bottom, where, crawling on our hands and knees, we were among the mummies of the sacred ibis, the embalmed deities of the Egyptians. The extent of these catacombs is unknown, but they are supposed to occupy an area of many miles. The birds are preserved in stone jars, piled one upon another as closely as they can be stowed. By the light of our torches, sometimes almost flat upon our faces, we groped and crawled along the passages, lined on each side with rows of jars, until we found ourselves again and again stopped by an impenetrable phalanx of the little mummies, or rather of the jars containing them. Once we reached a small open space, where we had room to turn ourselves, and, knocking together two of the vessels, the offended deities within sent forth volumes of dust which almost suffocated us. The bird was still entire, in form and lineament perfect as the mummied man, and like him, too, wanting merely the breath of life. The Arabs brought out with them several jars, which we broke and examined above ground, more at our ease. With the pyramids towering around us, it was almost impossible to believe that the men who had raised such mighty structures, had fallen down and worshipped the puny birds whose skeletons we were now dashing at our feet."

A caravan, setting out for Mecca:

"It was worth my ride to see the departure of the caravan. It consisted of more than 30,000 pilgrims, who had come from the shores of the Caspian, the extremities of Persia, and the confines of Africa; and having assembled, according to usage for hundreds of years, at Cairo as a central point, the whole mass was getting in motion for a pilgrimage of fifty days, through dreary sands, to the tomb of the Prophet.

"Accustomed as I was to associate the idea of order and decorum with the observance of all rites and duties of religion, I could not but feel surprised at the noise, tumult, and confusion, the strifes and battles of these pilgrim-travellers. If I had met them in the desert after their line of march was formed, it would have been an imposing spectacle, and comparatively easy to describe; but here, as far as the eye could reach, they were scattered over the sandy plain, 30,000 people, with probably 20,000 camels and dromedaries, men, women, and children, beasts and baggage, all commingled in a confused mass that seemed hopelessly inextricable. Some had not yet struck their tents, some were making coffee, some smoking, some cooking, some eating, many shouting and cursing, others on their knees praying, and others, again, hurrying on to join the long moving stream that already extended several miles into the desert."

An ascent of Mount Sinai, and the author's reception at its convent:

"The whole day we were moving between parallel ranges of mountains, receding

in some places, and then again contracting, and at about mid-day entered a narrow and rugged defile, bounded on each side with precipitous granite rocks more than 1000 feet high. We entered at the very bottom of this defile, moving for a time along the dry bed of a torrent, now obstructed with sand and stones, the rocks on every side shivered and torn, and the whole scene wild to sublimity. Our camels stumbled among the rocky fragments to such a degree that we dismounted, and passed through the wild defile on foot. At the other end we came suddenly upon a plain table of ground, and before us towered in awful grandeur, so huge and dark that it seemed close to us and barring all further progress, the end of my pilgrimage, the holy mountain of Sinai. On our left was a large insulated stone, rudely resembling a chair, called the chair of Moses, on which tradition says that Moses rested himself when he came up with the people under his charge; farther on, upon a little eminence, are some rude stones which are pointed out as the ruins of the house of Aaron, where the great high-priest discoursed to the wandering Israelites. On the right is a stone, alleged to be the petrified golden calf. But it was not necessary to draw upon false and frivolous legends to give interest to the scene; the majesty of nature was enough. I felt that I was on holy ground, and, dismounting from my dromedary, loitered for more than an hour in the valley. It was cold, and I sent my shivering Bedouins forward, supposing myself to be at the foot of the mountain, and lingered there until after the sun had set. It was after dark, as alone, and on foot, I entered the last defile leading to the holy mountain. The moon had risen, but her light could not penetrate the deep defile through which I was toiling slowly on to the foot of Sinai. From about half way up it shone with a pale and solemn lustre, while below all was in the deepest shade, and a dark spot on the side of the mountain, seeming perfectly black in contrast with the light above it, marked the situation of the convent.\*

"The convent belonged to the Greek church. I did not know how many monks were in it, or what was the sanctity of their lives, but I wished that some of them had slept with more troubled consciences, for we made almost noise enough to wake the dead; and it was not until we had discharged two volleys of fire arms that we succeeded in rousing any of the slumbering inmates. On one side were two or three little slits or portholes, and a monk, with a long white beard, and a lighted taper in his hand, cautiously thrust out his head at one of them, and demanded our business. This was soon told; we were strangers and Christians, and wanted admission; and had a letter from the Greek patriarch at Cairo. The head disappeared from the loophole and soon after I saw its owner slowly open the little door, and let down a rope for the patriarch's letter. He read it by the feeble glimmer of his lamp, and then again appeared at the window and bade us welcome. The rope was again let down; I tied it round my arms; and after dangling in the air for a brief space, swinging to and fro against the walls, found myself clasped in the arms of a burly, long-bearded monk, who hauled me in, kissed me on both cheeks, our long beards rubbing together in friendly union, and untwisting the rope set me upon my feet, and passed me over to his associates.

"By this time nearly all the monks had assembled; and all pressed forward to welcome me. They shook my hand, took me in their arms, and kissed my face; and if I had been their dearest friend just escaped from the jaws of death, they could not have received me with a more cordial greeting. Glad as I was, after a ten days' journey, to be received with such warmth by these recluses of the mountains, I could have spared the kissing. The custom is one of the detestable things of the East. It would not be so bad if it were universal, and the traveller might sometimes receive his welcome from rosy lips; but unhappily, the women hide their faces and run away from a stranger, while the men rub him with their bristly beards. At first I went at it with a stout heart flattering myself that I could give as well as take; but I soon flinched and gave up. Their beards were the growth of years; while mine had only a few months to boast of, and its downward aspirations must continue many a long day before it would attain the respectable longitude of theirs.

"During the kissing scene, a Bedouin servant came from the other end of the terrace, with an armful of burning brush, and threw it in a blaze upon the stony floor. The monks were gathered around, talking to me and uttering assurances of welcome, as I knew them to be, although I could not understand them; and, confused and almost stunned with their clamorous greeting, I threw myself on the floor, thrust my feet in the fire, and called out for *Paul*. Twice the rope descended and brought up my tent, baggage, &c.; and the third time it brought up *Paul*, hung round with guns, pistols, and swords, like a travelling battery. The rope was wound up by a windlass, half a

dozen monks, in long black frocks with white stripes, turning it with all their might. In the general eagerness to help, they kept on turning until they had carried Paul above the window, and brought his neck up short under the beam, his feet struggling to hold on to the sill of the door. He roared out lustily in Greek and Arabic; and while they were helping to disencumber him of his multifarious armor, he was cursing and berating them for a set of blundering workmen, who had almost broken the neck of as good a Christian as any among them. Probably, since the last incursion of the Bedouins, the peaceful walls of the convent had not been disturbed by such an infernal clatter."

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The annexed description of the *bastinado*, is an appropriate companion to the 'Russian Knout,' in our last number:

"The reader may remember that on my first visit to his excellency I saw a man whipped—this time I saw one *bastinadoed*. I had heard much of this, a punishment existing, I believe, only in the East, but I had never seen it inflicted before, and hope I never shall see it again. As on the former occasion, I found the little governor standing at one end of the large hall of entrance, munching, and trying causes. A crowd was gathered around, and before him was a poor Arab, pleading and beseeching most piteously, while the big tears were rolling down his cheeks; near him was a man whose resolute and somewhat angry expression marked him as the accuser, seeking vengeance rather than justice. Suddenly the governor made a gentle movement with his hand; all noise ceased; all stretched their necks and turned their eager eyes towards him; the accused cut short his crying, and stood with his mouth wide open, and his eyes fixed upon the governor. The latter spoke a few words in a very low voice, to me of course unintelligible, and, indeed, scarcely audible, but they seemed to fall upon the quick ears of the culprit like bolts of thunder; the agony of suspense was over, and without a word or a look, he laid himself down on his face at the feet of the governor. A space was immediately cleared around; a man on each side took him by the hand, and stretching out his arms, kneeled upon and held them down, while another seated himself across his neck and shoulders. Thus nailed to the ground, the poor fellow, knowing that there was no chance of escape, threw up his feet from the knee joint, so as to present the soles in a horizontal position. Two men came forward with a pair of long stout bars of wood, attached together by a cord, between which they placed the feet, drawing them together with the cord so as to fix them in their horizontal position, and leave the whole flat surface exposed to the full force of the blow. In the mean time two strong Turks were standing ready, one at each side, armed with long whips much resembling our common cowskin, but longer and thicker, and made of the tough hide of the hippopotamus. While the occupation of the judge was suspended by these preparations, the janizary had presented the consul's letter. My sensibilities are not particularly acute, but they yielded in this instance. I had watched all the preliminary arrangements, nerving myself for what was to come, but when I heard the scourge whizzing through the air, and, when the first blow fell upon the naked feet, saw the convulsive movements of the body, and heard the first loud, piercing shriek, I could stand it no longer; broke through the crowd, forgetting the governor and every thing else, except the agonizing sounds from which I was escaping; but the janizary followed close at my heels and, laying his hand upon my arm, hauled me back to the governor. If I had consulted merely the impulse of feeling, I should have consigned him, and the governor, and the whole nation of Turks, to the lower regions; but it was all important not to offend this summary dispenser of justice, and I never made a greater sacrifice of feeling to expediency, than when I re-entered his presence. The shrieks of the unhappy criminal were ringing through the chamber, but the governor received me with as calm a smile as if he had been sitting on his own divan, listening only to the strains of some pleasant music, while I stood with my teeth clinched, and felt the hot breath of the victim, and heard the whizzing of the accursed whip, as it fell again and again upon his bleeding feet. I have heard men cry out in agony when the sea was raging, and the drowning man, rising for the last time upon the mountain waves, turned his imploring arms towards us, and with his dying breath called in vain for help; but I never heard such heart-rending sounds as those from the poor *bastinadoed* wretch before me. I thought the governor would never make an end of reading the letter, when the scribe handed it to him for his signature, although it contained but half a dozen lines; he fumbled in his pocket for his seal, and dipped it in the ink; the impression did not suit him, and he made another, and after a delay that seemed



to me eternal, employed in folding it, handed it to me with a most gracious smile. I am sure I grinned horribly in return, and almost snatching the letter, just as the last blow fell, I turned to hasten from the scene. The poor scourged wretch was silent; he had found relief in happy insensibility; I cast one look upon the senseless body, and saw the feet laid open in gashes, and the blood streaming down the legs. At that moment the bars were taken away, and the mangled feet fell like lead upon the floor. I had to work my way through the crowd, and before I could escape I saw the poor fellow revive, and by the first natural impulse rise upon his feet, but fall again as if he had stepped upon red-hot irons. He crawled upon his hands and knees to the door of the hall, and here I rejoiced to see that, miserable, and poor, and degraded as he was, he yet had friends whose hearts yearned towards him; they took him in their arms and carried him away."

The route of the Israelites, and the place where they crossed the Red Sea, are thus discussed:

"Late in the afternoon we landed on the opposite side, on the most sacred spot connected with the wanderings of the Israelites, where they rose from the dry bed of the sea, and at the command of Moses, the divided waters rushed together, overwhelming Pharaoh and his chariots, and the whole host of Egypt. With the devotion of a pious pilgrim, I picked up a shell and put it into my pocket as a memorial of the place, and then Paul and I mounting the dromedaries which my guide had brought down to the shore in readiness, rode to a grove of palm-trees, shading a fountain of bad water, called ayoun Moussa, or the fountain of Moses. I was riding carelessly along, looking behind me towards the sea, and had almost reached the grove of palm-trees, when a large flock of crows flew out, and my dromedary frightened with their sudden whizzing, started back and threw me twenty feet over his head completely clear of his long neck, and left me sprawling in the sand. It was a mercy I did not finish my wanderings where the children of Israel began theirs; but I saved my head at the expense of my hands, which sank in the loose soil up to the wrist, and bore the marks for more than two months afterward. I seated myself where I fell, and as the sun was just dipping below the horizon, told Paul to pitch the tent with the door towards the place of the miraculous passage. I shall never forget that sunset scene, and it is the last I shall inflict upon the reader. I was sitting on the sand on the very spot where the chosen people of God, after walking over the dry bed of the sea, stopped to behold the divided waters returning to their place and swallowing up the host of the pursuers. The mountains on the other side looked dark and portentous, as if proud and conscious witnesses of the mighty miracle, while the sun, descended slowly behind them, long after it had disappeared, left a reflected brightness, which illumined with an almost supernatural light the dark surface of the water.

"But to return to the fountains of Moses. I am aware that there is some dispute as to the precise spot where Moses crossed; but having no time for scepticism on such matters, I began by making up my mind that this was the place, and then looked around to see whether, according to the account given in the Bible, the face of the country and the natural landmarks did not sustain my opinion. I remember I looked up to the head of the gulf, where Suez or Kolsum now stands, and saw that almost to the very head of the gulf there was a high range of mountains which it would be necessary to cross, an undertaking which it would have been physically impossible for 600,000 people, men, women, and children, to accomplish with a hostile army pursuing them. At Suez, Moses could not have been hemmed in as he was; he could go off into the Syrian desert, or, unless the sea has greatly changed since that time, round the head of the gulf. But here, directly opposite where I sat, was an opening in the mountains, making a clear passage from the desert to the shore of the sea."

We shall refer to this work again, having been able only to reach the end of the first volume, in the collection of extracts we had marked for insertion, and which we are reluctant to omit. The volumes are not yet published, and may not be, before the issue of our next number; but when they shall be given to the public, there will be found but one opinion of their great merit and interest. They are illustrated and embellished by an excellent map of the regions visited, and several good etchings.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

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'GIULIETTA E ROMEO. NOVELLA STORICA DI LUIGI DA PORTO DI VICENZA.'—This very entertaining work has lately been placed in our hands; and we are surprised that its republication has not been attempted in this country. To the lover of the Italian language, its purity of diction and quaintness of style are important recommendations; to the admirers of romance, nothing could be more pleasing than the interesting tales it contains; while it offers to the student of Shakspeare a perfect mine of information. The work comprises all that has ever been written upon Romeo and Juliet, in the original, embracing all the tales and poems upon the subject, with an account of the two opposing families, and the genealogical tables of the unfortunate lovers. The first tale in the volume is the celebrated 'novella' of Luigi da Porto, and the similarity between this and the succeeding one by Bandello is very great. Whether the immortal bard adopted the former or the latter, as the foundation on which to build his play, which Love alone could have written, is of little moment; although we incline to the opinion, that he has used Painter's version of Boistau, who translated the first story into French in 1560. Most of the tales were written in the earliest stages of the literature; hence the style is exceedingly quaint and expressive. No one can find fault with the purity of the words, although to one unacquainted with the manners and feelings of the South of Europe, the expression may seem to be very warm; but it does not, to the pure in heart, convey any thing but purity. Its beauties are of a peculiar kind, and are not a little marred by an attempt at translation.

The next portion of the work embraces many instances of cases, in which a prolonged sleep has been caused by some powerful anodyne; but passing these, we come to the story of Bandello. This tale varies but slightly from the former, is written in nearly the same style, and seems to have been a mere *rifacimento* of the preceding. We are the more confirmed in this opinion, as the writer builds upon the story of an archer, Peregrino, in the same manner as Da Porto, who says the tale was told him by one of his archers of this name. We must therefore regard Bandello, either as an innocent imitator of Da Porto, or suspect him of committing a plagiarism. The truth is, probably, that both writers heard the story from a kindred source, and having recorded what they could recollect, supplied the rest from fancy. Throughout both versions, one feeling seems to have actuated their authors. They felt what they wrote, and have left behind them specimens unequalled save by Boccaccio in his chastest moods. While upon this subject, we cannot but lament the scarcity of this work. We know of but a single copy in the country. It would be well, were the cultivators of a taste for foreign tongues to do more than they have hitherto done, toward encouraging a fondness for the romantic literature of the South of Europe. Irving has acquired enduring fame by his 'Conquest of Granada,' and his 'Alhambra.' These have by no means exhausted the field. They have induced many to read in the original, works of a similar character, which would otherwise have lain dormant forever. France and Italy yet remain, overflowing with like traditions, particularly the latter; yet they are rarely reproduced here, because

little encouragement is given to the classical literature of these countries. To the young student, a tale is far more interesting than the study of Dante, or Petrarch, or Ariosto. Where is the young man, who can read the Romeo and Juliet of Shakspeare, without feeling his breast inflamed with a noble passion? And yet the poet has merely adapted the subject to the stage. We are even more affected, if possible, by the story than the play. But let it not hence be argued, that the Bard of Avon was 'no great Shakes.' He was a clever writer, was Shakspeare!

To the before mentioned tales, succeed extracts from the history of Verona, relating to the main subject, with an account of the tomb, its present and past condition, and the attempt to restore it; a poem on the unhappy love of the two most faithful lovers, Julia and Romeo, dedicated to the Duchess of Urbino, and many other topics, all in the same connection, but too numerous to be here recounted. In all of them, however, there is the same interest, and the pleasure never palls upon the appetite.

MUSIC — MR. RUSSELL. — Since our last number, the readers of this Magazine in this city, and several eastern towns, have enjoyed the rare pleasure of hearing Mr. RUSSELL sing many of his popular songs; and we doubt if there be one who has been thus privileged, but will bear witness, that this distinguished vocalist deserves the full measure of praise which was awarded him in these pages, previous to his first public appearance before a New-York audience. Mr. RUSSELL does not need our encomiums; but we would embrace this occasion to say, that the delighted crowds, comprising the first and most discriminating of our citizens, who attended his recent concerts, sufficiently evince, that nature is superior to, and more attractive than, fashion, in matters of music, with which, after all, the heart would really seem to have something to do. People thronged to hear Mr. RUSSELL sing, not because he had studied under the best English masters, and had been an accomplished pupil of Rossini; nor yet because he had received, as a meed of professional excellence, a golden medal from the King of Naples. Neither did he, as many fashionable singers before him have done, win his laurels, by carrying his voice to the farthest point of 'inarticulate sound,' and tarrying there to *shake* and *trill* for an indefinite period; no, nor by mouthing His Christian Majesty's English, in such wise that it became a dead letter to the listener, who, were it not *à la mode* to stay and applaud, would infinitely prefer making one of the promiscuous crowd of amateurs, who throng the pavement, of a pleasant night, before Peale's Museum. Mr. RUSSELL's style, though chaste and refined, is *simple*, and unadulterated by modern improvements. His voice is powerful, yet mellow, in all its tones, as the soft notes of an organ; and it has always a strong, rich effect. His enunciation is as distinct as if he were only speaking; and his *musical expression*, if we may use the term, is wholly unsurpassed by that of any vocalist we have ever heard. He depicts scenes with the palpable truth of a painter; and he so clothes his subjects with life, that we are not quite sure that he would not 'sing the ten commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition.'

We have already spoken of Mr. RUSSELL's execution of 'Wind of the Winter Night,' 'The Old English Gentleman,' 'Come Brothers, Arouse', etc., and of the natural effect given to the two former, in all the scenes and events described by the songs themselves, which also accompanied our remarks. In the additional pieces which this vocalist performed at his recent concerts, the same power and fidelity were visible. We will cite but one example — 'The Brave Old Oak.' What hearer did not see the sunlight die away from the rosy bosom of the western cloud, and hear the roar of the midnight wind in the forest-oak? — and who did not instantly revert to IRVING's delightful pictures of an English Christmas, or lament the lost, with the bereaved mourner? — when the fol-

lowing lines, (from the pen of HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq., of the *London Athenæum*,) rendered doubly pleasing by the feeling and power of the singer, fell on the ear?

'A song of the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath rul'd in this land so long:  
Here's health and renown, to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong!

'There is fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,  
And the fire in the west fades out;  
And he showeth his might, in the wild midnight,  
When storms through his branches shout!  
Then sing of the oak, the brave old oak,  
Who hath rul'd in this land so long —  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone!

'He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes  
Were a pleasant sound to hear,  
And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were full of right merry cheer;  
And all the day, to the rebeck gay,  
They frolick'd with lovesome swains:  
They are gone! — they are dead! — in the church-yard laid —  
But the tree — he still remains!

'Then sing of the oak, of the brave old oak,  
Who hath rul'd in this land so long:  
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,  
When a hundred years are gone!

Appropos of this beautiful song. We are sorry to see, in the American copies, that Mr. RUSSELL has permitted the third and fourth lines to be altered, thus:

'And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were full of *American* cheer.'

This couplet, in connection with what precedes and follows it, is the veriest nonsense imaginable. The whole song is English, and there is no such thing as giving it an American keeping; and no American will be so soft-headed as to take the interpolation as at all complimentary.

We intended, when we commenced this notice, to speak of Mr. RUSSELL's eminent merits as a musical composer, but our present limits will not permit. The music of most of his songs is either entirely his own, or made essentially so, by adaptation and improvements. His '*Largo al Faciotum*,' from the '*Marriage of Figaro*,' proves him an accomplished student of Italian, as well as an adept in the most difficult species of vocal execution. Mr. RUSSELL has commenced a new musical era, in which taste, truth, and feeling, take the place of show, affectation, and 'thin accompaniments of thinner warbles.' May he live a thousand years! — and in the Albany Musical Academy, of which he is the capable President, train up in the way they should go a long band of pupils who will do honor to his instructions, and effect a happy reform in the fashionable 'systems' of the day.

PARK THEATRE — MADEMOISELLE AUGUSTA. '*La Bayadere*,' like *Cinderella*, seems destined to mark its repetitions in round numbers. There must be great attraction somewhere, to carry a piece through a succession of fifty nights, at one house, when the same piece — although, indeed, in very different hands — had been already deprived of novelty, by previous repetitions at another. M<sup>lle</sup> Augusta may take great credit to herself, for producing this effect. Her exquisite grace never tires. It matters little whether it be displayed in one ballet, or in half a dozen. True taste never wearies in its contemplation of a perfect specimen of art; so are her audiences ever satisfied and happy in her presence, although it be enlivened only by music, fifty times repeated. *Augusta*, herself, is always new. The grace and perfection of her art never cease to delight; and

should 'La Bayadere' be repeated for the hundredth time, there can be but little doubt that its centesimal representation would be graced by crowds equal to those which now nightly press to witness it. If 'La Bayadere' can do so much, what might not 'La Sylphide,' or 'La Somnambule' accomplish? This is a question which it is hoped a few weeks will answer. If they cannot add to the enviable reputation of Augusta, in the dance, they will at least increase her fame as an actress, and prove that she possesses powers in pantomime, equal to the agile grace which adorns the mazy steps of the 'Bayadere.'

MR. AND MRS. KEELEY. — After a long intermission, the New-York public have again been gratified by the appearance of these universal favorites at the Park. There is a degree of truth in all the delineations attempted by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, which justifies the almost antiquated assertion, that 'the stage is nature's mirror.' There can be no reflection of our great mother less free of blemish — more minutely true — than is thrown back upon our admiration, from the clear and polished surface, which the acting of the Keeleys affords. There is something in the character of the high-stalking-heroes of tragedy, which, while they excite wonder, do not always touch the sympathies. We look at them as giants of by-gone time — mammoths of energy, who talk in blank verse, and do deeds for which we look in vain for parallels in our own days. We admire them as extraordinary specimens of humanity, elevated in virtue, or depressed in vice, so far above or below that medium which forms the moral atmosphere of our time, that we cannot regard them with the hearty fellowship of common acquaintances. The characters which the Keeleys hold up for our observation, are a different race of beings altogether. They belong to every-day life; they are domestic, familiar creatures, such as we can take by the hand, and after a hearty shake, inquire of concerning the state of the crops, the price of corn, and the scandal of the village. We can think of Tragedy only as some immense personage, taller than the tallest, by a head — encased in a gloomy dress, rich in sables, and studded with orders and dignities; his face black with passion, paint, and mustachoes, and his body loaded with bloody daggers, guns, swords, and pistols. We can fancy this personification of the fiend of evil, dragging by the hair some beauteous damsel from the marriage altar, all decked in white muslin, all steeped in tears, and not guiltless of a particularly fine white pocket-handkerchief. We can see the delicate prisoner kneeling at his feet, and with all her might 'pumping up a passion,' and flourishing the aforesaid bit of cambric, like a signal of distress, while we hear the dignified villain utter from the depths of his inhuman stomach, the horrid sentence that seals poor Dollalolla's fate for ever. This is tragedy *à la mode*. Not so appear the figures which live, and move, and have their cherished being, in the personations of our unpretending favorites. We see a simple village maid, innocent and pure as the air which winnows the blossoms that creep in the soft spring-time around her cottage-window, where, with her rustic lover, she looks out upon the clear moonlight. We mark her devotion, her faith; we weep at sorrows which we feel might befall us all, in our own sphere, and we are made happy in witnessing pleasures which may, without changing the order of the society in which we live, be ours also. We believe in the sincerity as well as the simplicity of *Peter Spyk*. We laugh at his embarrassment and his doubts; but he has our sympathy, although he breathes not so soft a sigh as Romeo; and we are altogether pleased in recognising in him, and all his tribe, old and valuable acquaintances, whose counterparts we can all remember, from a time beyond which memory hath no cognizance. These are, beside, the characters which make us in love with our species, and not altogether dissatisfied with the present constitution of the time. These are the plays, which, while they do not so much excite the imagination, affect the reason more. They are the every-day food which nourishes, and of which all may partake, and all appreciate its excellence. In the performances of Mrs. Keeley, there is a minute delicacy, which is a constant and just theme of praise among her many admirers. She is never

satisfied with the mere outline of a picture; the 'filling up' has its full share of attention; and every light and shade which nature throws into a landscape, are made to adorn her works with the discrimination and truth of the great painter himself. It is, indeed, those little delicate truths which she scatters throughout her delineations, that give them their greatest value. The same good sense which so strongly marks Mrs. Keeley's personations, distinguishes those of her husband. He never leaves any thing undone, nor, unlike many popular artists, does that which he has no right to do. If there is comedy in the character he represents, he is sure to bring it out to its fullest bearing, but he never seems inclined to raise a laugh at the expense of truth or propriety. *He* is an irresistible droll, without extravagance; *she*, a powerful actress, who, in return for the favors which Nature has lavished upon her, is determined to show her gratitude, by a strict obedience to the dictates of her benefactress. c.

'THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES' is the title of a 'Poem for Music,' from the pen of HENRY WARE, JR., of Cambridge, Mass. The piece is in preparation, under the supervision of an eminent professor, for musical representation at the Odeon in Boston, by the choir of the Academy of Music of that city. From a hasty perusal, we are favorably impressed with the literary merits of this production. It is clear in its details, and the versification is generally flowing and melodious. We annex one or two specimens:

## PRIEST.

When, from Egyptian bondage driven,  
Our fathers sought their promised home,  
For many a year offended Heaven  
Condemned them in the wild to roam.  
No house received their weary forms,  
No city knew their way-worn feet;  
In tents they braved the winter's storms,  
In tents endured the summer's heat.  
And now in Judah's prosperous days,  
Oft as the harvest month comes round,  
Our humble tents and booths we raise,  
And houseless, like our sires, are found.  
We bring to mind their sins and woes;  
Their path o'er Jordan's wave we trace,  
Till on these fruitful hills arose  
Their heritage and resting-place.

We subjoin another episode, of a similar character:

## HIGH PRIEST.

Now tell your children what this rite intends;  
What mean these glowing forms, these words of joy.

## PRIEST.

The prophet gave the blow;  
Forth gushed the cool, refreshing wave,  
The parched and perishing to save,  
Far as its waters flow.  
Recalled to life, the dying band  
Pressed eager to the destined land.

So, in some later day,  
When Israel lies in woe and fear,  
Her great Anointed shall appear,  
To chase her dark dismay.  
From Him a holier stream shall flow,  
To save the world from darker woe.

O haste the glorious hour!  
Haste, David's son, illustrious King!  
Come to thy waiting saints, and bring  
Thy glory, peace, and power.  
Hosanna! let the people cry;  
Hosanna! earth and heaven reply.

## HIGH PRIEST.

The day declines. The slow-descending sun  
 Casts lengthening shadows o'er the darkened walks.  
 Light up the temple! Through the pillared walks  
 Hang out the lamps, and from the crowded courts  
 Keep off the gathering night. Then, while the blaze  
 Is flashing from the altars, gates, and roofs,  
 Till evening shines with more than noonday fires,  
 Let one loud choral anthem close the day.

This little work is marked by the neatness of execution which generally distinguishes publications from the Boston press. New-York: SAMUEL COLMAN.

AMERICAN HISTORY. — We welcome heartily, as most timely and appropriate, the clear, succinct, and well-digested 'Remarks on American History,' from the pen of JARED SPARKS, which have been neatly re-printed, in pamphlet form, from the 'Boston Book,' for 1837. To one who would obtain, in a brief compass, the great leading outlines of the colonial and revolutionary periods of our national existence, we would recommend this pamphlet, as supplying an important desideratum. In alluding to the Indians, and their wars, Mr. SPARKS holds the following language, confirmatory of a truth which we have frequently advanced — namely, that the Indian oratory of our novelists is often any thing but *native*, while the character of the red man, in their hands, has suffered not less in another and more important respect :

"Indian eloquence, if it did not flow with the richness of Nestor's wisdom, or burn with Achilles' fire, spoke in the deep strong tones of nature, and resounded from the chords of truth. The answer of the Iroquois chief to the French, who wished to purchase his lands, and push him farther into the wilderness, Voltaire has pronounced superior to any sayings of the great men commemorated by Plutarch. 'We were born on this spot; our fathers are buried here. Shall we say to the bones of our fathers, arise, and go with us into a strange land?'

"But more has been said of their figurative language, than seems to be justified by modern experience. Writers of fiction have distorted the Indian character, and given us any thing but originals. Their fancy has produced sentimental Indians, a kind of beings that never existed in reality; and Indians clothing their ideas in the gorgeous imagery of external nature, which they had neither the refinement to conceive, nor words to express. In truth, when we have lighted the pipe of concord, kindled or extinguished a council fire, buried the bloody hatchet, sat down under the tree of peace with its spreading branches, and brightened the chain of friendship, we have nearly exhausted their flowers of rhetoric. But the imagery, prompted by internal emotion, and not by the visible world, the eloquence of condensed thought and pointed expression, the eloquence of a diction extremely limited in its forms, but nervous and direct, the eloquence of truth unadorned and of justice undisguised, these are often found in Indian speeches, and constitute their chief characteristic.

"It should, moreover, be said for the Indians, that, like the Carthaginians, their history has been written by their enemies. The tales of their wrongs and their achievements may have been told by the warrior-chiefs to stimulate the courage, and perpetuate the revenge of their children, but they were traces in the sand; they perished in a day, and their memory is gone."

Would that the truths contained in the following closing paragraphs might be written as with a living coal upon every American heart!

"The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can no where be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in this revolutionary period of America; and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit, or gain, that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied, that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute, that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that, which they deemed without price!

"They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example, portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all



ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us, that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives; in this are our safety and our hope; the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and the praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance, which they so nobly achieved."

PROFESSOR HENRY'S ADDRESS. — The importance of exalting the intellectual spirit of the nation, and the need of a learned class, are well enforced and set forth in a Discourse pronounced before the Phi Sigma Nu Society of the University of Vermont, in August last, by REV. C. S. HENRY, of this city. An extended notice, (with extracts,) of this discourse has been driven from our over-crowded pages, by the reply of a correspondent to the North American Review; we have, therefore, but space cordially to commend the pamphlet to our readers, and briefly to mention a few of its prominent positions, which are sustained by convincing arguments, and forcible illustration. It shows a learned order in a nation to be necessary, to check the predominance of the more gross and material elements of society; exhibits the natural debasement of the mass, by the undue love of *money*, and the false standard which the possession of mere wealth is permitted to erect; exposes the evils of an unchecked party spirit, and the dangerous tendency of the popular feeling toward the licentious anarchy of mob domination. In conclusion, it presents weighty and unanswerable reasons, why the state should cherish high science and letters by such liberal endowments as shall leave a learned order of men free to devote their powers exclusively to lofty study and production, thus creating a feeling of respect for the importance of such labors, by the honor with which such patronage would invest them. We are glad to perceive that this discourse has passed to a second edition. New-York: GEORGE W. HOLLEY.

MEMOIRS OF A PEERESS. — MESSRS. CAREY AND HART have issued, in two volumes, 'The Posthumous Memoirs of a Peeress,' by Lady CHARLOTTE BURY. There are portions of these volumes which we could conscientiously praise; but there are frequent *opinions*, from which most readers, we are sure, in common with us, will at once dissent; and from none, we apprehend, more entirely, than from the following estimate of the character of the Empress Josephine:

"Some saints are elevated to martyrdom by their virtues, and some by their opportunities. Josephine is one of those to whom public infatuation has opened a niche in the Kalender for more than her own deserts. I saw her near and familiarly; my whole life has been spent among the vain and artificial; and among the vainest and *most* artificial, was the Ex-empress. Neither *artificial* nor *artful*, however, convey the exact sense of the word *artificieuse*, which I wish to express. Her *bonté*, so much lauded, was a grimace — her elegance, of the most frivolous and superficial nature; her charities consisted in a profuse distribution of the pocket-pickings of the nation; and so far from being just, either before or after she was generous, honesty was a virtue so foreign to her system, as frequently to expose her to the rebukes of her more equitable husband. Josephine was, in short, the very personification of the old Faubourg St. Germain — ignorant, dissolute, fickle, vain, unprincipled; but a proficient in that art of pleasing, which consists in overmastering two of the most pitiful instincts in human nature — vanity and self-interest. She gave largely, she flattered profusely; and the world, instead of admiring the forbearance of Napoleon in supporting her so long as his partner, reviled him as an ingrate, when at length he put her away."

If this be true, then all we have ever read of Josephine — all that we could ever learn, by tale or history, of this unfortunate woman — must be false. The balance of credit is against the 'Peeress.' New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

**MARTIN FABER AND OTHER TALES.** — The Messrs. HARPER have published, in two handsome volumes, 'Martin Faber, the Story of a Criminal, and Other Tales,' by W. G. SIMMS, Esq., author of 'Guy Rivers,' etc. The tale which gives the main title to the volume, has been noticed at length in these pages, and another of the longest, 'Major Rocket,' appeared originally in the *KNICKERBOCKER*. Several of the others, written at an early period of the authors' life, have been published heretofore, in a southern literary work, of limited circulation. We consider these volumes as containing some of the very best of Mr. SIMMS' minor efforts. The reader will sometimes find himself, it may be, borne beyond the circle of probability; but he is a willing fellow-traveller with the author, as he journeys in dreamy mood; and if he occasionally discern some things which he could wish were otherwise, he will find them but the rich superfluities of early genius. The volumes — beside a beautiful 'prefatory sonnet' of the author's, published some time since in these pages — bear the following dedication, than which nothing could be more simple and touching: 'To my Daughter — to one who, as yet, can understand little save his love — these volumes are fondly dedicated, with all the affections of a Father.'

#### LITERARY RECORD.

**BOSTON WORKS.** — Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN, 114 Fulton-street, has the agency for all works of interest or utility which issue from the Boston press. Beside two excellent books already noticed in these pages — 'Twice-Told Tales,' and 'The Young Ladies' Friend' — we have before us, from the above house, a neat volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, upon '*Practical Phrenology*, by SILAS JONES, which has been highly praised by phrenologists; a pleasing, instructive, and comprehensive Geography of the Bible,' by the world-renowned PETER PARLEY, illustrated by numerous cuts; and a simple but well-written and useful little pamphlet-book, called 'Emily and Charles, or a Little Girl's Correspondence with her Brother — designed to aid Children in the Art of Letter-Writing.' We take pleasure in calling public attention to Mr. COLMAN's establishment.

**DISCOURSES, LECTURES, ETC.** — Upon each of the three following pamphlets, we had prepared, for our last number, some favorable comments, accompanied with brief extracts. They are again, by uncompromising necessity, crowded out; and we have but space to thank the authors, severally, for their favors, and to commend their labors to such of our readers as can command them:

'REASONS FOR THANKFULNESS. A Discourse delivered in the First Presbyterian Church in Rochester, (N. Y.,) on the day of Annual Thanksgiving, December 15, 1836. By TRYON EDWARDS, Pastor of said Church.'

'LECTURE ON THE CHARACTER AND SERVICES OF JAMES MADISON, delivered before the 'Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement,' in the city of Albany, February 28, 1837. By DANIEL D. BARNARD. Albany: HOFFMAN AND WHITE.

'THE WESTERN ACADEMICIAN, and Journal of Education and Science. Edited by JOHN W. PICKET, and aided by the College of Teachers.' Cincinnati: JAMES R. ALBACH.

**NEW-YORK GAZETTE.** — This old and established diurnal has passed under the entire control of MESSRS. ROBERT U. LANG and C. F. DANIELS. The former has hitherto conducted the Gazette with industry and talent; and with the ready pen, and appropriate tact, spirit, and humor, of his co-laborer, its good reputation will not be likely to diminish. Mr. DANIELS is well and extensively known as the late associate-editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, in which journal his place is now filled by EDWARD WILLIAM JOHNSON, Esq., of South Carolina, a profound scholar and a vigorous writer.

THE 'PALMYRA LETTERS.' — We have great pleasure in stating, that these admirable letters will hereafter be issued in two handsome volumes, by a well-known and popular publisher. Perhaps no series of papers ever appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*, which have attracted more universal attention and admiration, than these 'Letters.' The beauty of their style, the perfect unity and keeping of the scenes and events described and narrated, and the pure moral and religious spirit which pervades them, have been themes of laudatory comment, with readers of eminent literary standing, as well in England and Scotland, as in America. To the records of this popular estimate, we may hereafter refer; although no reader of this Magazine will require additional proof of the interest and value which are inseparable from the writings of the 'most noble Piso.'

THE BROTHERS HARPER have nearly ready for publication the following works: 'Live and Let Live; or Domestic Service Illustrated,' by Miss SEDGWICK; FIELDING'S 'Amelia;' Rise and Fall of Athens, by BULWER; The Monk of Cimies, by Mrs. SHERWOOD; The Works of CHARLES LAMB; 'Crichton,' by AINSWORTH; 'Attila,' by JAMES; 'Henry Milner,' by Mrs. SHERWOOD; Recollections of a Southern Matron, by Mrs. C. GILMAN; Travels in Europe, by Rev. WILBUR FISK, D. D., Conn.; Narrative of ARTHUR GORDON PYM, of Nantucket; 'An Historical Account of the Circumnavigation of the Globe, and of the Progress of Discovery in the Pacific Ocean;' and the Complete Works of BURKE.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. — The Prospectus of the American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has been laid on our table; and we take pleasure in calling public attention to so laudable an institution. It is the design of the society — the materials for carrying out which are abundant — 'to unite the efforts of literary, scientific, wealthy, and benevolent men, in diffusing useful knowledge, and in employing the arts of printing and engraving in a way most likely to be interesting, salutary, and elevating to the popular mind.' The officers and directors of the institution are among the most eminent citizens of the several states, and their names afford a sufficient guarantee of its prospective usefulness.

LETTERS FROM THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS. — Mr. H. S. TANNER, Philadelphia, has published, in a handsome volume, a second edition of 'Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs; the Roads leading thereto, and the Doings thereat. Collected, corrected, annotated, and edited, by PEREGRINE PROLIX.' Eight additional letters appear in the present edition, bearing the same marks of descriptive talent, quiet humor, scholarship, and good taste, which we have before cited as characteristic of the first series. A new map of Virginia, with its canals, roads, and distances from place to place, along the stage and steam-boat routes, prefaces the volume. New-York: G. AND C. CARVILL AND COMPANY.

THE GAME OF LIFE. — 'The Game of Life, or the Chess-Player, a Drawing by MORITZ RETSCH, explained, according to hints from himself, by C. BORR. VON MILTITZ. With Additional Remarks on the Allegory.' This is a very striking moral engraving, with well-written illustrations, representing Satan, the Spirit of Darkness, playing with Man for his Soul. To one with whom the game of chess is familiar, it will possess great attractions; while for the mere ordinary observer, it has a German-like interest, undefinable, yet pleasant and instructive. Even to such, the print is suggestive of good. Boston: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT. — We are enabled to announce, merely, the publication, by MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, of the first part of the Memoirs of the late SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., by J. G. LOCKHART, his son-in-law. The volume opens with a newly-discovered memoir of the early life of Scott, written by himself, giving a clear outline of his history, down to the period of his being called to the bar. The succeeding portions of Lockhart's work will be issued by the Philadelphia publishers, immediately on the reception of the sheets from Edinburgh.

A GLANCE AT NEW-YORK. — The 'Glance at New-York,' after the manner of 'The Great Metropolis,' recently issued by A. GREENE, Beekman-street, is a clever work, in our poor opinion, and deserving of less cavalier treatment than it has received at the hands of certain of its critics. It discusses, *currente calamo*, and very agreeably, the city government, theatres, hotels, churches, mobs, monopolies, learned professions, newspapers, rogues, dandies, fires and firemen, water and other liquids, etc. There are a few errors, and one in relation to this Magazine; but the volume is both useful and amusing, nevertheless, especially to strangers in, or distant from, the city.

IRVING'S WORKS. — The seventh and eighth volumes of the uniform edition of WASHINGTON IRVING'S works have just been issued by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. They contain the 'Tales of a Traveller,' many of which have added so much to the completeness of their author's reputation. We are glad to see, by the demand for the series of which these volumes form a part, that their sterling worth is not likely to be supplanted in the affections of the American people, by the numerous 'new-born gauds' of the present day.

'MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY,' is the title of a clearly-printed volume, of three hundred pages, from the press of Messrs. PACKARD AND BROWN, Hartford, Conn. It is intended for academies and schools, but is as well adapted for the use of all general readers. It proceeds from the pen of Dr. J. L. COMSTOCK, with whose productions for the young we have a favorable acquaintance; and a cursory examination of the volume enables us to predict for it a success as ample as that which has rewarded the merits of of its predecessors.

'THREE EXPERIMENTS IN DRINKING.' — There is a good moral to this little pamphlet-book; but like all the 'experiments' which have succeeded the 'Three Experiments of Living,' it lacks the force, spirit, and *vraisemblance*, of its excellent archetype. We fear all imitations will soon become disrelishing, should the ample reward of merit in the first instance induce many more writers, in these pressing times, to attempt the 'experiment' of sucking sustenance through their goose quills.

BOSTON MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION. — A pamphlet has been sent us, containing an Address by ISAAC C. PRAY, Jun., a Poem by LOVET STIMSON, Jun., together with the Remarks of HON. STEPHEN FAIRBANKS, and his Excellency, EDWARD EVERETT, at the seventeenth anniversary of the above named institution. The entire exercises are in the right spirit, and demand a more extended notice than the only one we can here afford them — a mere record of their publication.

TALES AND SKETCHES, BY 'BOZ' AND OTHERS. — Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD have issued, in two volumes, a number of popular tales, sketches, and verse, from late English magazines, the best of which are 'Oliver Twist' — a fragment only of a story, however — and 'Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble,' by 'Boz,' 'Handy Andy,' and 'Who Milked my Cow? or the Marine Ghost.' The volumes possess a good variety of light entertainment, and would be found capital steam-boat reading.

CLASSICAL FAMILY LIBRARY. — The two latest volumes of HARPER'S Classical Family Library, contain *Juvenal*, translated by Dr. BADHAM, *Persius*, by the Rt. Hon. Sir W. DRUMMOND, *Pindar*, by the Rev. C. A. WHEELWRIGHT, and *Anacreon*, by THOMAS BOURNE. The volumes are embellished with busts of Pindar and Juvenal, and are well executed.

THE FINE ARTS, ETC. — Notices of the National Academy of Design, just opened, and the late highly interesting semi-centennial anniversary of Columbia College, are crowded from the present number. Correspondents are not forgotten; and when the 'moving accidents' of the May-day season have ceased to vex, and the toils of the month are for a brief space ended, peradventure their favors shall be considered and acknowledged.

## RECENT FRENCH PUBLICATIONS.

WE are indebted to the attention of an obliging friend, for the following condensed report of recent French publications, of interest or value :

A fresh series of that curious Collection of Trials, the *Causes Célèbres*, is begun, in Paris. It will form 4 vols. 8vo.

Madame Guizot, (the wife of the minister and historian,) is publishing two works of fiction — *Eudorie, ou l'Orgueil Permis*, 1 vol. 18mo., with plates; and *Une Famille*, 2 vols., 12mo. The latter has a sequel, by Madame Tastu.

Mons. Paulin Paris is publishing an account of the French mss. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, under the title of '*Les Manuscrits Français de la Bibliothèque du Roi; leur histoire, et celle des textes Allemand, Anglais, Hollandais, Italien, Espagnol, de la même collection.*'

The Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask is, it seems, still unresolved, in spite of the lately alleged discovery of historical documents clearing up the whole matter. Paul Jacob, (who takes the addition of *Le Bibliophile*,) has collected a fresh set of proofs, first to prove who the mask *was not*; and, secondly, to show that he was (as was the opinion of Louis XVIII.,) a brother of Louis le Grand, (XIV.) In truth, we have been so often convinced, by the discoveries as to Iron Mask and Junius, that we are rapidly coming, against any fresh proof, however strong, to believe that neither of these personages ever existed at all — that they are mythological beings only, like Jupiter or Thoth, (whom some call Trismegistus,) or Homer, whom the Germans have so completely exploded.

Mr. Cooper's Excursions in Switzerland, have been translated into French, under the title of '*Excursions d'une Famille Américaine en Suisse.*'

Lacroix has published a novel under a very ill-omened title — '*Une Première Ride*' — a first wrinkle, not a first ride. The latter would have been a far more romantic subject.

M. de Puybusque is editing a fresh body of facts, as to the disasters of Buonaparte's Russian Expedition. It is drawn from the interesting papers of the Field Marshal the Marquis de Serang; and is entitled, '*Les Prisonniers Français en Russie; ou Memoirs et Souvenirs de Serang*;' 2 vols. 8vo. We presume it will give fresh interest to De Segur's book, which is the best upon this matter.

Quatremère de Quincy's interesting researches on the Spoliation of the Athenian and Roman Monuments of Art is going through a new edition.

Nestor l'Hôte, a member of the expedition of Champollion to Egypt and Nubia, has published a history of the Egyptian Obelisks, with an explanation of their historical inscriptions. 8vo.

Raspail, the botanist, has published '*A New System of Vegetable Physiology and Botany*;' 2 vols. 8vo., accompanied with an Atlas of sixty plates.

We have seen, but not examined, a work, seemingly of much importance, by Duchatelet, entitled '*De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris, Considérée sous le Rapport de l'Hygiène Publique, de la Morale et de l'Administration.*' It is founded upon very careful researches into statistical documents afforded by the records of the Police, now first explored, for such a purpose. We refer to the work, in spite of the nature of its subject, because it is an important one, as to investigations that may lead to useful, beneficent, and even moral results. In view of such, the press must not be too delicate.

They are publishing, in Paris, a beautiful edition of St. Pierre's '*Paul and Virginia*,' and his '*Hindoo Cottage*.' It is edited by Curmer, with a Life by Sainte-Beuve, and notes by various hands. Beside a great number of engraved illustrations, it offers a complete Flora of the Isle of France and of India, executed by a skilful naturalist, M. Descourtils. There will be thirty numbers in 8vo. at 1½ francs each.

Alexander Dumas is about to issue a new romance, under the title of '*Pascal Bruno*.' The third and fourth volumes of his '*Impressions de Voyages*,' are also out.

Rosseeuw Saint-Hilaire is beginning to publish a history of Spain, from the Gothic invasion to the present century. It will form six or seven vols. 8vo. The first volume will treat of the history of Gothic Spain: the second, that of Castile: the third, that of Arragon, Navarre and Biscay: the fourth, Spain under the Moors, etc. The Introduction will sketch the early state of Spain, the Phœnician, Carthaginian and Roman conquests, and the Gothic Institutions and Code. The author is said to bring to his work very important and laborious researches into the little-explored libraries of Spain, as well as those of Germany.

Among the novelties of imagination, we remark 'Occiput and Sinciput,' a phrenological romance, by Ernest Dutouquet, 2 vols. 8vo. We fear it will eclipse the scientific fictions of Miss Martineau. There is also a new novel by Paul de Kock, called 'Zizine.'

Bayle Mouillard's Essays on 'Imprisonment for Debt,' a work crowned by the Institute in 1835, is lately published.

Mons. Marcos is giving some curious researches as to the barbarian subversions of the Roman Empire, under the title of 'A History of the Vandals; with Researches on the Commerce of the Barbary States, in the Earlier Part of the Christian Era.' 8vo.

Dulaure is about to give, in 8 vols. 8vo., with fifty engravings and numerous additions, the sixth edition of his admirable and curious history of Paris: a work of the highest merit and interest, built up from a very modest beginning, by repeated editions, and renewed researches.

The Monuments of Egypt and Nubia, as collected by Champollion, with his descriptions, are in progress of publication, under the patronage of the French Government. They are to form four large folio volumes of plates (chiefly colored) 400 in number; and two volumes of text, in 4to: costing, in all, 500 francs.

We see that Miss Sedgwick's novel of the 'The Linwoods' has been translated into French, under the title of 'La Famille Américaine.'

'La Sœur de la Charité' is the title of a new poem, by Lamartine.

The following, by Henry Ternaux, may offer something important to this country: 'Voyages, Relations et Mémoires Originaux, pour Servir à l'Histoire de la Découverte de l'Amérique.' 3 vols. 8vo. Also, a 'Bibliothèque Américaine,' an account of works relating to America. 8vo.

We are glad to see announced 'A Dictionary of Cookery and of Household Economy,' by Mons. Burnet, ex-officer of the Mouth: 8vo., with plates.

Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire has published two volumes of a sort of general history of Monstrosities, under the title of 'Histoire Général des Anomalies de l'Organisation chez l'Homme et chez les Animaux.'

Paul de Julvecourt is giving, under title of 'Balalayra,' a translation of the popular poetry of the Russians. 8vo.

De Martonne has edited, from the Unique mss. in the King's Library, the Romances of Parise la Ducharre. 12mo.

Vidocq, the ex-rogue, has produced a new book, in illustration of his ancient occupations. He calls it 'Les Voleurs: Physiologie de leurs Mœurs et le leurs Language.' 2 vols. 8vo. If he means to set up for an honest man, he should take to some honest trade than that of book-maker.

The seventh volume of the new octavo edition of St. Chrysostom's whole works (with Latin version) has appeared. Six more are to come. Also, a supplement to those of St. Augustin, containing inedited sermons. Folio.

'Studies on the Theatrical Art,' by the widow of Talma, are forthcoming: said to be remarkable. Villeneuve, the editor, gives a life of the authoress, and many curious particulars of the greatest of tragedians. 8vo.

Raynouard has given a second volume of the new series of his Selection of Troubadour Poetry. It is the first part of a Dictionary of the Provençal.